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FLECKNOE (Richard)

EPIGRAMS MADE AT SEVERAL TIMES UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS: And Continued to the Year 1673. By Richa: Flecknoe...London, Printed for the Author, MDCLXXIII.

FIRST EDITION [redacted]

Small 8vo. contemporary sheepskin, gilt, gilt edges, slightly rubbed. The Huber-Britwell copy.

A fine copy of this extremly rare volume of which Wing records only the Folger copy.

Very little is known about Richard Flecknoe, who unfortunately achieved posthumous notoriety as the titular anti-hero of Dryden's attack on Shadwell in Macflecknoe. In various small ways throughout his works Flecknoe reveals his personality. In a friendly manner, with no self-consciousness, he talks of his aims and methods. In one dedication in his Epigrammatical Characters he describes his characters as the 'perfectest of all my Works.' Said to be a Roman Catholic priest, Flecknoe was abroad during the years of the Civil War and his characters reflect his travels in France and the East.

Wing F-1216.

Epigrams

MADE AT

SEVERAL TIMES

UPON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS:

AND

Continued to the YEAR 1673.

By RICH: FLECKNOE.

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.

LONDON,

Printed for the AUTHOR,

M. DC. LXXIII.

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THE Preface.

I *Publiſh theſe* Epigrams, *as I make them, the* laſt *the firſt; which may excuſe me, if I rank them accordingly. They are every year a new Work, by adding the* new *unto the* old; *and behold thoſe of this preſent year. Their Subject is chiefly* Heroick, *as are the perſons whoſe praiſes they contain. And I writ them chiefly to let the World know, That as we want not many praiſe-worthy perſons, ſo they want not ſome to praiſe them for it. And that you may not think me ambitious of names, I mention none, but thoſe I have the honour to know, and be known unto. For the* Style, *you are no more to expect the force and grandeur of Epick and Heroick Poems, in an* Epigram, *than the force of a Ship of War, or grandeur of a huge Carrack in a* Yaught, *or Pleaſure-boat. Suffice it, if it be ſuch as I deſcribe in this* Epigram.

What *Ayres* in point of *Muſick* are, the ſame
In point of writing is your *Epigram*,
Short, quick, and ſprightly; and both theſe and thoſe
When th' Ear expects it, comes unto a cloſe.
'Tis but few *lines*, but thoſe like Gold well-try'd,
Out of the droſs of many *lines* beſide;
And *Poetry*'s language of the *gods*, but theſe
In brief, the language of the *Oracles*.
'Tis ſhort, but in its ſhortneſs does comprize
The *Point of Wit*, wherein the ſharpneſs lies.
And's nothing worth if any thing be ſed,
Or tedious, dull, or vulgar-ſpirited.
Poets can't write, nor *Orators* declame,
But all their *Wit*, is chiefly *Epigram*.
In fine, in *Verſe*, and *Proſe*, and every thing,
Your *Epigram* is writing for a *King*.

Some may miſlike them perhaps, becauſe they treat not of Love, nor Love-matters; but others may like them the better; and for my part, ſince the itch of laſcivious love *is* but the ſcab of Poetry, *I ſhould be ſorry any one ſhould find in my Writings, that I with my* ſcratching *had exulcerated it.*

TO

24 Oct. 60 Stonehill

THE POURTRAIT OF *HIS MAJESTY*,

Made a little before His Happy Restauration.

Kings like the *Sun* in their full Majesties,
Are too resplendant bright for subjects eies;
But when ecclips'd, then every one can see
Without that splendor, what their persons be.
In which conjuncture, whosoe'er has seen
This *Sun* of ours, may well affirm of Him,
His *Person*'s such, as He for that alone
(His Birth away) deserves the *Royal Throne*.
Such Majesty there's in it, and such Grace,
Both awing and delighting in His Face;
Without those *Kingly Robes* adorn the *Throne*,
He shews more *King*, than those who have them on.
His Stature's tall, and of the comeliest make,
His Vizage oval, His Hair thick and black;
In ample Curls on's Shoulders falling down,
Adorning more His Head, than any Crown.
His Eyes are lively, full of flame and sprit,
And of that colour most delights the sight.

Royal and largely Featur'd all the reſt,
Shewing the largneſs of His Royal Breſt.
Then for His Exerciſe's, He in all
The nobleſt Gallants, and moſt Martial,
Even the moſt exc'lent ſo far excels,
He's *King* in them, as He's in all things elſe;
And who'd be abſolute in every thing,
As well as Birth and Power, ſhou'd be a *King*:
Nor ſhall you e'er in any perſon find,
A greater ſtrength of *Body*, nor of *Mind*;
Which with long travel H'as improved ſo,
He know's what ere befits a *Prince* to know.
Not learn'd o'th' *dead*, but of the World and Men,
Thoſe *Living Authors*, and H'as ſtudied them;
So as each Nations Wiſdom He does know,
And each one's Language to expreſs it too.
Whence He compar'd to other Princes, ſit
Dully at home, and nothing know but it;
Seems juſt like ſome huge Gallion does come,
From fartheſt *Indies*, richly laden home;
Compar'd to ſome poor *Hoy* or *Bylander*,
Who never farther than their own Coaſts were,
And never none to *Fortune* more did ow,
Than to *Misfortune* He for being ſo.
For *Moral Vertues* then, H'as every one
In their full height and exaltation.
Juſtice not clouded with Severity,
Nor *Temperance*, with ſower Auſterity.
And ne'er in none more *Courage* was, nor more
Wiſdom and *Prudence* with leſs *vanity*, nor

With

With leſſer Artifice, then or's *Paſſions* He
Commands ſo abſolutely and Sov'raignly;
As ſhews Him *King* over Himſelf, as well
As other Men, nor does He leſs excell,
In *Civil Vertues*, which adorn no leſs,
The *Royal Throne*; as Mildneſs, Gentleneſs,
Obligingneſs and Debonarity,
With ſuch a winning affability,
He more does conquer with a gentle word,
Than ever any conquer'd by the Sword.
Mean time He is ſo chearful and ſo gay,
None from His preſence e'er went ſad away;
Nor yet cou'd all His troubles, nor His cares,
Render Him leſs gay and chearful, which declares
His *Mind*'s above them all, and H'as within
Him, ſomewhat higher than His being *King*.
Juſt like the higheſt Region of the Air,
Where never Storms nor Tempeſts can repair.
For Your more noble *Courtly Vertues* then,
In which *Kings* too ſhou'd excel other Men;
As far as *Courts* do other Houſes, He
Appears in every one to excellency.
Dances ſo admirably, as your *Eye*
As well as *Ears* are charm'd with Harmony;
Knows *Muſick*, *Poetry*, *Gallantry*, and *Wit*,
And none knows better how to judge of it.
And as He is a *King* 'mong Courtiers, ſo
'Mong *Ladies* he's both *King* and Courtier too.
How happy are His Subjects then, t'have one
For *King*, Heaven ſeems to have choſen *Him* alone

To

To make them happy? One, they need but pray,
That as H'as born Adverſity, He may
But bear Proſperity as well, and then
As ſtill H'as been, He'll be the beſt of Men.
One finally, in whom y'united find,
Beſides His Birth, His Perſon, and His Mind.
All that which found in others one by one,
Raiſe them to heighth of Admiration.
The *Wiſe*, the *Valiant*, the *Majeſtical*,
The *Mild*, the *Gallant*, and the *King* in all.
More glorious are His ſufferings then, and more
Injurious *Fortune*, perſecutes Him for
His *Royal Birth* alone, who had He been
Born private Man, deſerves to be a *King*.
Such is her ignorant blindneſs does not know
His eminent worth, whom ſhe disfavors ſo.
Who'd find, if ſhe had eyes, and cou'd but ſee,
None e'er deſerv'd her favor more than He.

TO

His Majestie.

VOuchsafe, *Great Sire*, on these to cast Your sight,
Made chiefly for Your MAJESTIES delight;
By him has cast off all Ambition,
But *pleasing* and *delighting* You alone;
Counting it *highest Honour* can befall,
To *delight Him*, who's the *Delight of all.*

The first Book of EPIGRAMS,

Written *An.* 1673.

On the Duke of ORMOND's going along with the KING in Baniſhment.

WHen I but onely mention *Ormond*'s Name,
Methinks it is enough of *Epigram*.
Ormond, who never left the KING, but went
Alwayes along with Him in Baniſhment;
Declaring by his following him, that where-
Soe'r *Charles Stuart* was, the KING was there:
Whil'ſt many in that dark and cloudy Time,
Made too great difference 'twixt the KING and him.
So nearer Garments never quit their Maſter
When *ſtormy winds* do blow, but ſtick the faſter;
While *light* and *looſer* ones, like *Scarfs*, they find,
Are blown away with every ſtorm of wind,
And ſo the KING rewards him now, we ſee,
With neareſt Truſt, for his *Fidelity*,
Who well diſcerns the difference betwixt them,
Who follow His *Fortune*, and who follow Him:
And knows that who in *adverſe* Times ne'r leave Him,
Are thoſe in *proſp'rous* Times will ne'r deceive Him.

TO

To the Earl of OSSORY,
On his return from SEA, *An.* 73.

My Lord,

YOur Friends are glad y'ar ſafely com *aſhore*,
And all deſire you'd go to *Sea* no more;
Nor put your life in danger to be loſt
On *Forraign Seas*, nor on a *Forraign Coaſt*.
What need you go? Y'ave *hazarded* enough,
And put your *Valour* to th' extremeſt *proof*:
And as for *Honour*, y'ave by *Land* ſuch ſtore,
You need not go to *Sea*, to purchaſe more.
If 't be to *ſerve your Country* that you go,
There's none ſo ignorant who does not know,
You, with your *Head* may ſerve it more by *Land*,
Than ever any at *Sea* did with their *Hand*.
In fine, the Brave and Noble *Oſſory*
Is *known* and *honoured* enough by *Sea*;
And now the *Land* deſires to have its ſhare
Of *knowing* and of *honouring* him *there*.

TO

To
The Lady MARY CANDISH.

MADAME,

IN this our Age, when th' ar ſo *Critick* grown,
They ſeek to finde out *ſpots* even in the *Moon*
And *Sun* it ſelf, I ſcarce ſhould be believ'd
If I ſhould tell how virtuouſly y'ave liv'd,
Pure as a *Chryſtal Mirrour*, chaſte as *Ice*,
And full as free from ſtain or ſpot of *Vice*.
Nor *Stars* in Heaven, nor *Ermins* on the Snow,
In all their ways could more *unblemiſht* go.
One who the *Secret* and *Receipt* has got
To ſilence *Rumour*, and ſtop *Slanders Throat*;
When everywhere th'ar ſo outragious grown,
To bark and bite at *Fames* of every one:
The onely *Sanctuary* where *Vertue*'s free,
And *Feminin Honour* ſafe: and finally,
The *beſt Example* of a *Virgins life*,
And *perfect Pattern* of a *Married wife*.
Theſe are your *Praiſes*, and you may conteſt
With worthieſt of your Sex for *all the reſt*.

TO

To JAMES Duke of MONMOUTH, begun at his going into *France*, An. 1669, and ended at his coming from the Siege of *Maestricht*, An. 1673.

WE to the *French* as much in *Court* did yield,
As they to us did formerly i'th' *Field*,
Till *Monmouth* went, and overcame them more
I'th' *Court*, than e'r we did i'th' *Field* before.
How fatal to the *French* is *Monmouth*'s Name!
They ſhu'd be twice thus Conquer'd by the ſame:
By *Valour* firſt in *War*, and now no leſs
A ſecond time, by *Gallantry* in *Peace*.

Now Noble *Monmouth*, Was it not enough
That thou in *Court* ſhu'dſt give ſo great a proof
How gallant and how brave thou wert, but thou
I'th' *Field* ſhu'dſt give no leſs a proof of't too?
Since thou ſo early doſt begin to tread
The paths of *Virtue* which to *Honour* lead;
From this great *Valour*, and great *Soul* of thine,
What may the World expect of thee in time,
But for our glory thou ſhu'dſt Conquer more
Than ever *Harry Monmouth* did before?

To the Duke of ALBEMARLE, going to SEA.

IN theſe our Warlike Times, when every one
Is going to *Sea*, and ſhames to ſtay at home,
Your *King* and *Countrey* have more care than ſo
Amongſt the reſt, *my Lord*, to let you go.
For th' honour which your Father left you, is
Not only *yours*, but your *Poſterities*,
And they, as his *Truſtees*, concerned ar,
Till y'ave an Heir, you ſhu'd not go to War.
Like falling Palaces which none repairs
Their *Honours* are, whoſe *Houſes* have no *Heirs*;
And they but build without foundation,
Who have no *Heirs* to found their *Houſes* on.
They know upon what ground you found your Right
Of being a Souldier, and of going to fight.
But if born of a *General*, as you ar,
You think y'ave ſo great Right to go to War,
Your *Son* will have a greater Right than you,
Not only born o'th' Race of *one*, but *two*.
Theſe are their chiefeſt Arguments, and how
You'll anſwer them, *my Lord*, I do not know.

TO

To FRANCES Dutcheſs of RICHMOND, on her Widowhood.

YOu like a *Turtle* when her Mate is gone,
All ſad and mourning, *Madam*, ſit alone;
Or if there's ought more ſad and mourning, yet
You, *Madam*, well may be compar'd to it.
Y'ar all alone, and every one does know
It beſt becomes a *Phœnix* to be ſo;
And you ar one, as in all ſtates of Life
Y'ave well declar'd, both *Widow*, *Maid* and *Wife*:
Only in this you want of being one,
You'll leave the World no *Phœnix* when y'ar gone;
But make *Arabia Deſert* wanting you,
Who only make it *happy Arabia* now.
But if of *Stuarts* Name, Heaven has decreed
No more to *Richmond's* Title ſhu'd ſucceed;
As with the Nobleſt perſon it begun,
It ne'r cou'd end with a more Noble one.

To ELIZABETH,
Counteſs of ARUNDEL and SURREY.

MADAM,

YOu alwayes have ſo virtuouſly been bred,
And ſuch a virtuous life have alwayes led,
Virtue is to you as Con-natural
As *life* and *being* is unto us all.
Let others praiſe you then for other things,
As being deſcended from the Race of Kings;
I'll praiſe you for the virtues of your mind,
The true deſcendents of a Nobler kind;
Which you have ſo ſublim'd, y'ave raiſed all
The *Cardinal* ones to *Theological*;
And *Virtue*'s virtue in others, but in you,
Not only *Virtue*, but *Religion* too.
And here I'd praiſe you for your Piety,
But 'tis of late in ſo great obloquy
With th' vulgar ſort, 'tis only look't upon
As Relique of the Old Religion,
Or *Counterbanded Goods*, which none, for fear
Of the *Pragmatick*, longer dares to wear;
Neither ſhould I be ſafe, if I ſhould praiſe
A thing that's held ſo dangerous now adayes:
Let *Angels* only praiſe you for it then,
Since 'tis too bold and high a praiſe for *men*.

To the Lady GERARD of BROMLEY.

MADAM,

I Who have writ the praiſe of many a one,
Whom I've had honour to have ſeen and known,
And alwayes had the honour 'mongſt the reſt,
To celebrate the Nobleſt and the Beſt,
This Teſtimony needs muſt give of you,
(And all who know you, know it to be true)
'Mongſt all your Sex, I never yet did meet
With any, in their *actions* more diſcreet,
More prudent in their *words*, and in their *mind*
More *nobly*, nor more *virtuouſly* inclin'd.
And this not ta'n of others by Report,
But by mine own experience of't. In ſort
As they ſhu'd rather be thought *envious*, who
Don't praiſe you for't, than Flatterers, who do;
Let none then think this Flattery in me,
For I can't flatter, nor you flatter'd be.

To the Lord JOHN BELLASIS, on his quitting all his Offices.

MY LORD,

IN *Camps* and *Courts*, and all the *Offices*
Y'ave been employ'd in, both in *War* and *Peace*,
There's none has been more *fortunate* than you;
But you were never *happy* until now,
When quitting all the *Offices* you had,
We well may say y'ar truly happy made.
For all along wherever you have been,
All know y'ave still been faithful to the *King*.
But in this latter Action you have shew'd
Your self both true to th' *King*, and true to *God*:
And th' *King* well knows there's none that can be true
To t'on, but those are so to t'other too.
Mean time, *my Lord*, i'th' Age we live in now,
Both such examples, and such men as you
Were ne'r more needful in the world, more rare,
Such men as you, and such examples are.

To the Lady, KATHARINE SEDLEY, Daughter to Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.

WHo know you, *Madam*, every day do find
New Beauties in your *perſon*, and your *mind*;
And more they know you, they diſcover more
Perfe&tions in you than they did before.
Not all the numerous Train of them, nor yet
Of all the *Graces* in one perſon met,
Could make a fairer, or more beautious ſhow,
In any perſon than they do in you.
Nothing is wanting now unto the *Fame*
Of Noble *Sedley*'s Family and Name,
Had all the *maſculine ones* before, and now
Has all the *Feminine Graces* in it too.
So when two *Sums* are by Addition brought
Both into one, that which before was thought
Great in it ſelf, does greater ſtill become,
By adding t'on unto the other Sum.

In memory of his Noble Friend JAMES HAMILTON, who first lost his Leg at Sea, then his Life on Land, in our last Engagement with the *Dutch*.

HOw like a huge *Colossus* thou didst stand,
One *Leg* i'th' *Sea*, and t'other on the *Land*?
Betwixt which two ther being no standing fast,
Brave *Hamilton*, thou needs must fall at last.
Ah! Noble Youth! Never Innobled more,
Than when half lifeless thou wert brought ashore,
And both thy *King* and *Countrey*, *Friends* and *All*,
Griev'd and Lamented thy untimely fall.
Who would not choose, like thee, to fall and dye,
And live for't ever after gloriously;
Than for the use of a few hours breath,
To dye like others, an inglorious death?
For only *War* can give that happiness,
Whil'st 'tis no glory for to dye in *Peace*.

To the Duke of *Newcaſtle*;

On my Lady-Dutcheſs writing of his LIFE.

MY LORD,

WHilſt with your Noble Actions you *Indite*
Unto your Ladies Pen what ſhe ſhud *Write*,
'T may well be ſaid, as 'twas of *Thetis* ſon,
That you are doubly happie, both to have done
Such famous deeds, and to have had agen
A Pen ſo famous for the writing them:
And ne'r was *Life* more worthy to be writ,
Nor *Pen* more worthy of the *writing* it.
She makes you famous, and you her agen
By th' famous Subject you afford her Pen:
Whence 'tis a Queſtion ever will remain,
Wh'er *Fame* makes *Writers*, or elſe *Writers*, *Fame*.
So whilſt you live i'th' *Life* that ſhe does give,
And ſhe in writing of your Life will live;
Betwixt you both, your *Fame* will never die,
But t'on give t'other *Immortality*.

To DIGBY, Lord GERARD of *Bromley*; Recommending to him for Motto: *Virtus vere Nobilitas.*

MY Lord, you now unto that Age are com,
Y'are almoſt paſt *Pythagoras Bivium*:
And after, rarely any one forſakes
The way of *Vice* or *Vertue* which he takes.
If *Vertue* then be *true Nobility*,
Ther's a neceſſity that you vertuous be,
Or elſe that Noble-man who's otherwiſe,
But forfeits his Nobility to *Vice*.
Think then whatere you *love*, Vertue is that;
And Vice is whatſoever you moſt *hate*.
To end then: If you love Nobility,
Love *Vertue*, or you'll never Noble be.
If *Baſeneſs* hate, hate to be one of thoſe
Who put baſe Vices on, with Noble Clothes.
But I well know you bear a Noble minde,
And ar unto all vertuous things inclin'd.
Nature has done her part to make you ſo;
The reſt, my Lord, depends on *Heaven* and *you*.
Love *Vertue* then, let it your Motto be,
Vertue is onely true Nobility.

To Mr. HENRY JERMIN,
On his Retirement into the Country.

SInce *Men* and *Manners* here ar all ſo bad,
By their *Example* w'ar ſtill worſer made;
And ther ar few can keep their *Innocence*,
Where every thing is *ſcandal* and *offence*.
You'r happie, Sir, who in the *Country* ar,
And nothing ſee but *good Example* ther;
Paſſing your time amongſt your Country-ſports,
More pleaſantly than we in *Towns* and *Courts*,
Who juſt as *ſilly Sheep* 'mong *Buſhes* ſtray,
Whilſt every *Buſh* takes part o'th' *Fleece* away:
So never com 'mongſt others, but we finde
We ſtill loſe ſomewhat of our *better* minde.
Our morning-thoughts are *Gold*, by noon th'ar *Lead*,
And all turn'd *Droſs* before we go to bed:
Mixture with others doth *abaſe* us ſo,
And ſuch *diſtractions* ar wher e'r we go;
You'r happie Sir who in the *Country* ar;
And would I were ſo happie to be ther.

On
A Fair Ladies NAME.

ALthough ther's none more carefully does flie
Clenches and *Quibbles* upon *Names* than I;
Counting *words* onely the *outside* of *Wit*,
Whilst *matter* chiefly is th' *inside* of it:
Yet when i'th' ſence o'th' *Name*, and in the ſound,
Somewhat o'th' *nature* of the *perſon*'s found,
As is in yours, I can't but ſay that you
Are *Swift* by *name*, and *Swift* by *nature* too:
Swift in your *Apprehenſion* and *Wit*,
And *Swift* in every thing belongs to it.
Onely 'tis ſtrange! being ſo in every thing,
You ſhud be now ſo *ſlow* in Marrying.
But as for that, if reaſon of't they'd know;
You think in Marrying one can't be *too ſlow*.

Of
PERSECUTION.

I Never lik't this *Perſecution*
Onely for *Conſcience* and *Religion*;
And half ſuſpect, that where it is not *free*,
'Tis not *Religion*, but *Hypocriſie*.
Who ſeek to force *Opinion*, make men more
Opiniatre than they were before:
And as for *Conſcience*, ye make it none,
Unleſs ye leave it *free* for every one.
What *gentleneſs* can't do, it is in vain
To ſeek by *force* and *violence* to obtain.
And 'tis your *Perſecutors* private *hate*,
Rather than *care* or *love* unto the State.
In fine, there's none has Juriſdiction
O'r *minde* and *thoughts* of men, but *God* alone;
And *Princes pow'rs* their *bodies* may controul,
But onely *God* has power o'er the *Soul*.

TO

To a Fair Lady,

On the Peoples Reports.

MADAME,

THe *People*, who ſometimes on Truth do light,
Although they ar not always in the right,
Say y'ar a *Dutcheſs* now; and 'tis well gueſt,
Since you *deſerve* for to be one at leaſt:
And 'tis enough of *reputation*,
The world believes you *worthy* to be one.
But be you *fair* and *beauteous*, as you ar,
You for no other *Titles* need to care,
Neither of *Dutcheſſes*, nor *Princeſſes*,
Nor of great *Queens*, nor greater *Empreſſes*:
The *Title* of *fair* and *beauteous* is more
Than all thoſe *Titles* they ſo much adore:
And they ar onely *earthly* ones, in fine;
But that of *Beauty*, *heavenly* and *divine*.

ON

On an
Angelical Beauty.

I Muſt confeſs, before I ſaw your face,
I never knew what *perfect Beauty* was;
Nor ever ſaw more *heavenly features*, nor
Angelical air, in any one before.

We paint Angels *All face*, and adde but wings
Unto them, and we make them *Cherubins:*
So adde but onely *wings* to yours, and you
Would be *All Cherubin*, and *Angel* too.
The *Face* now being the Index of the *Minde*,
By which we *perſons diſpoſitions* finde,
We well may ſay, in ſeeing *yours*, that none
Had e'r a ſweeter diſpoſition;
More *milde*, more *gentle*, nor more *debonair*;
And full as heavenly *good*, as heavenly *fair*.
All this, from Rules of *Phyſiognomy*,
Madam, which never yet deceived me.

ON

A Sceptick in Religion.

THoſe who did wonder when they ſaw men go
Walking in rooms backwards and forwards ſo,
Would wonder more to ſee how thou haſt gon
Backwards and forwards in Religion.
Thou ſaiſt we'r bid *try all, and chuſe the beſt:*
But when ther's *one* ſo far 'bove *all the reſt,*
'Tis out o'th' way of all Compariſon;
Whoere is *wiſe,* ſhould chuſe or *that,* or *none.*
But when the *Soul* is gon, and *Body* dead,
A thouſand *crawling worms* i'th' Corpſe are bred:
So when *Religion*'s gone, we always finde
A thouſand crawling *Sects* are left behinde.
As he's unwiſe, then, changes *Gold* for *Braſs,*
Diamonds for *Peble-ſtones,* and *Gems* for *Glaſs:*
So he is more unwiſe, who chuſes one
Of theſe *falſe Sects,* for th' *true Religion.*

In Memory of her Altezze
BEATRICE de *Cuſance*,
Dutcheſs of LORAIN.

WHen this fair *Soul* did in her *Body* live,
She had ſome *Angel* been, you wou'd believe;
Thorow her bright *exterior* there did ſhine
So much from her *interior* of divine:
And *now* much more you wou'd believe her on,
When her *immortal ſoul* to Heav'n is gon;
Towards wch when here on earth ſhe made ſuch haſt,
Her *body* could not follow her ſo faſt,
But ſhe muſt leave it here below to *die*,
Whilſt ſhe went up to *Immortalitie*.
Mean time, who had th' honour to *know* her here,
May, weeping, write upon her Sepulcher:
She who alive *all* Vertue *and* Beauty *was*,
T'on in her breſt, *and t'other in her* face;
Now ſhe is dead, *juſt reaſon w' ave to fear*
All Beauty *and* Vertue *too are dead with her.*

To her (now)

Incomparable Siſter,

The Princeſs of AREMBERG.

ALl the *Lay* thoughts, I ever had
Of your fair Sex, you have *Religious* made
By ſeeing *you*; and I'm become by it
Your Sexes honourer, and your *Convertit.*
For juſt as to a *Temple*, all do come
Unto your *Chamber*, and from thence go home;
The *bad* converted, and the *good* much more
Confirm'd in goodneſs than they were before.
Beſides, the world learns this from ſeeing you,
That noble *Vertue*, and *Religion* too,
Ar *chearful* things, and far from being ſo *ſad*
As th'ar in *Melancholy Cloyſters* made.
But ther's an artful *ſilence*, as ther was
An artful vailing *Agamemnon*'s face;
And *others* praiſes we may ſpeak of well,
But as for hers who's wholly *ineffable*,
'Tis *praiſe* enough to ſay, that *She can ne'r*
Be prais'd enough; and ſay no more of her.

To the Honourable,

EDWARD HOWARD,

Brother to the Duke of NORFOLK.

IT is not *Travel* makes a man, 'tis true,
Unleſs a man could travel, Sir, like you.
In putting off themſelves, and putting on
The beſt of every Country where they come,
Their *Cuſtoms*, *Manners*, *Faſhions*, and their *wife*,
Purg'd of the *droſs*, and ſtript of the *abuſe*;
Till *rich* themſelves with *obſervation*,
They come at laſt t'enrich their Country home:
Whilſt the *py'd* Traveller that nothing knows
Of other Countries *Faſhions*, but their *Cloaths*,
And ſpeak their Language but as *Parrats* do,
Only perchance a broken word or two;
Goes, and returns the ſame he went agen,
By carrying ſtill himſelf along with him.

On

WILLIAM, Duke of *Newcastle*.

But now behold a *Noble-man* indeed,
Such as w' *admire* in Story when we read,
And love and honour, when we do but see
As *perfect Pattern* of *Nobility*;
Who does not proudly look that you should d'off
Your Hat, and make a reverence twelvescore off;
Nor takes exceptions if at every word
You call him not *Your Grace*, or else *My Lord*:
But is all Courtesie and Civility,
As best becoms a *Noble-man* to be;
And does appear a hundred times more great
By his neglect of 't, than by keeping State.
Whence, thorow all *Degrees* that he has past,
Of *Vicount*, *Earl*, *Marquess*, and *Duke* at last,
H'as always gain'd the general esteem
Of honouring *them*, more than *they* honour'd *him*.

To

To
The Lady BRIDGET,
Vicounteſs KILMURRAY.

MADAME,

WHen I wou'd praiſe you as I others do,
So many *Vertues* do appear in you,
As 'tis not in the pow'r of *Art* or *Wit*
To count them all, they are ſo infinit.
What ſhud I do then, but in brief conclude
As *Painters* when they paint a *multitude*,
Who when th'have ſome o'th' *chiefeſt heads* expreſt,
Under them *darkly ſhadow* all the reſt?
So having ſaid y'ar *beauteous*, *vertuous*, *wiſe*,
Under which *heads* I all the reſt compriſe;
I leave them *darkly ſhadowed* and *hid*
Under thoſe *heads*, as *t'other Painter* did.

TO

On
The Dutchess of *Monmouth*'s Happie Childbirth.

NOw thanks to Heaven! what we have hop'd for long,
And long have pray'd for, *Monmouth* has a son;
His Lady safe delivered, and with her
Thousands besides delivered of their fear.
Who *hear* this joyful *News*, and are not *glad*,
May they be ever *deaf*, and ever *sad*.
Now ye *Physitians*, you who said that she
With so great *danger* should delivered be;
Who'll ere believe you more, unless you say
You have no skill? and then indeed they may;
Or that each *Midwife* has more skill than *you*,
And then they safely may *believe* you too:
Mean time, the *childe*, and *mothers* life, do show
Ye ar all *great Lyers*, and do *nothing know*.
And O! to prove you *greater* Lyers, may
Sh'have *many children*, and live many a day.

On
The Foyl of Nobility.

SEe you yond *Thing*, who looks as he would cry
I am a Lord, a mile ere he comes nigh;
And thinks to shew it by his being *proud*,
His *strutting* as he goes, and *talking loud?*
Behold him well, you'll hardly finde enough
In the whole man to make a *Lacquey* of;
And for true *Honour*, and *Nobility*,
His *Groom* and *Coachman* have as much as He.
Such *empty things* have nothing else of *worth*,
But *Place* and *Titles*, for to set them forth;
Being just like *Dwarfs* dresst up in *Gyants* cloaths;
Bigger he'd seem, the lesser still he shows:
Or like small *Statues* on huge *Basis* set;
Their *heights* but only make them shew *less great*.

On

The Welcoming a Friend from SEA; In Drolling.

Dear N.

WElcom from *Sea*, and now th'art com aſhore;
If thou beeſt wiſe, I prithee go no more.
Let *Land-men* keep *a-land*, and only they,
A Gods name, who are *Sea-men*, go to *Sea*.
Ther were ſom *comfort*, if the *Wars* wou'd ceaſe
Firſt Voyage one does make, and end in *Peace*.
But *War*'s a *Hydra*; cut but off *one head*,
And ſtraight *ſeven others* ſprout up in the ſtead.
I know you went to learn *Experience* there;
And your *Experience* might have coſt your *dear*;
Thank Heav'n y'ar come off with ſo little harm,
And ſcap'd without the loſs of *leg* or *arm*;
Which that th'art ſcap'd, th'aſt but ſmall cauſe to boaſt
'Twas but a happpie raſhneſs at the moſt.
And 't had been *Fortune*'s fault, if the *firſt* time
Thou hadſt been kill'd, but *ſecond* 'twill be thine.

The end of the firſt Book of EPIGRAMS:

All newly Made, or newly Reviſed.

The Second Book
OF
EPIGRAMS.

To His ROYAL HIGHNESS,
JAMES Duke of *York.*

THe Firſt Book be'ng his Majeſties, and This
By Conſequence Your Royal Highneſs is.
The World doth ſcarcely any *One* afford,
After You *Two*, worthy to be the *Third.*

To her ROYAL HIGHNESS,

MARIA BEATRIX,

Dutcheſs of *York*.

Madame:

IF *Expectation* make the *Bleſſing* dear,
You Highneſs long has been *expected* here.
And now y'are come, be pleas'd to know, you'll finde
Your Royal Lord above all Husbands kinde;
The KING and Him two of the Worthieſt men
The World ere ſaw, or ere ſhall ſee agen;
The QUEEN ſo pious and devout, ſhe's one
Who ſeems All *Piety* and *Devotion*;
The Engliſh Ladies generally fair,
Betwixt the *French* and your *Italian* air;
And th'better ſort, and the Nobility,
Nothing but Courteſie and Civility.
For th' *reſt*, our hope of Civilizing 'um,
Next Heav'n, is in your Highneſs, now y'are come;
Whoſe *Nation* is the civileſt, we know,
And of your Nation, the moſt civil *You*.
This if You effect, You'll gain immortal Fame,
And make *Maria Beatrice*'s Name
Amongſt the *Engliſh* full as famous as
Amongſt the *French*, *Clotilda*'s ever was.
Mean time, Your Highneſs bears along with You
Your Houſe's Honour, and Your Nation's too.

To

To his Royal Highneſs,

On his Return from our Naval VICTORY, *An.* 65.

GReater and Famouſer than ere
Cæſar or *Alexander* were,
Who has both done, and out-done too,
What thoſe great Heroes could not do:
Till Empire of the Seas they got,
No Victory can be compleat.
For *Land* and *Sea* make but one *Ball*;
They had but *half*, you have it *all*.
Great Prince! the Glory of our days,
And utmoſt bound of humane praiſe:
Increas'd in Style, we well may call
You now, *The whole Worlds Admiral*;
Whilſt mighty CHARLES with Trident ſtands,
And like ſome God, the Sea commands.
Having ſo gloriouſly orecome,
What now remains, but to come home,
And fixed in our *Britiſh* Sphere,
Shine a *bright Conſtellation* there,
Moſt pow'rful ore the *Watry Main*,
Next unto that of *Charles his Wain?*

To His Highneſs Prince *RUPERT*,

On the ſame.

GReat and Heroick Prince! ſurpaſſing far
Him who was ſtyl'd *The Thunder-bolt of War*,
The *Belgick Lion* ſtands amaz'd to ſee
A *greater Lion* than it ſelf, in *Thee*:
And *Zealand* one, all trembling for fear,
Half ſinks into the *Waves*, to hide it there.
Ne'r ſince the *Greeks* firſt call'd the World their own,
Or *Romanes* theirs, was greater Valour known.
And if there yet new worlds to Conquer were,
Brave *Rupert* were the fitteſt Conqueror;
Greateſt Example of Heroick worth,
As ever yet this Later Age brought forth!
As formerly the *Land* of *Britain* was,
So now the *Sea*'s too narrow for thy praiſe;
And 'twill in time become the work alone
Of *Extaſie* and *Admiration*.

O

On the Death of

His ROYAL HIGHNESS

HENRY Duke of *Gloucester*.

HIgh-born and Great as any Prince on earth,
With *Minde* as great and high as was his *Birth*;
Wiſe 'boye his years, Valiant above a man;
And had he liv'd to *end* as he *began*,
The World would for Him ſcarce have any room,
So Mighty and ſo Great he had become:
Whoſe Life was juſt like the *Arabian* winde,
That ſo much fragrant ſweetneſs leaves behinde,
The World is fill'd with odour of his Name,
After he's gone, from whom the ſweetneſs came.
Who's now ſo dull, when this they hear but red,
Who does not know *the Duke of Gloſter's dead?*
The Gallantſt Perſon *Nature* ever made,
And hopefulſt Prince as *England* ever had.
Let thoſe who truſt this World then, learn by this,
What all their *worldly hope* and *greatneſs* is.

On the Death of
Her ROYAL HIGHNESS,
HENRIETTA Dutcheſs of *Orleans*.

THis *Life* of ours is like a *Garden*, where
The *faireſt Flow'rs* always firſt gathered are;
Whilſt common ones are onely left like *Weeds*,
To wither on their ſtalks, and fall to ſeeds.
And ne'r than this was fairer Flower known,
Where th' *Roſe* and *Lily* both were joyn'd in one:
In which Conjunction did together meet
All that was heav'nly fair, and heav'nly ſweet.
Hereafter then, as 'tis your *Flariſts* guiſe
New names for rareſt Flowers to deviſe;
And more for the perpetuating their Fames,
To call them by ſome Royal perſons Names:
Thoſe which are faireſt ſweeteſt ones of all,
We *Henrietta*'s by her name may call.

To *HENRY* Earl of *Arlington*, Principal SECRETARY of State.

My Lord,

THat *ours* and *other* Nations may know
How much to ſuch *Great men* as You they owe,
Who for the State perpetual *Vigil* keep,
And with your *Watchfulneſs* ſecure their *Sleep*.
While *dull Spectators*, and the *Common Rout*,
Onely behold the *Dyals hand without*,
You are the *Wheels* give Motion to't *within*,
Next to the *Primum Mobile* the KING.
You are th'*Intelligences* of the Sphere
Of Government, and all the *Weight* do bear;
Whilſt, like great *Jove*, the KING does ſit above,
And under Him ſees all in order *move*.
Mean time, 'tis a great happineſs for a King
To meet men *fit* th' Offices th'ar in;
And does commend their *judgements*, when they choſe
To ſerve the *State*, ſuch *Miniſters* as thoſe.
Great Offices require *Great Souls*; and You,
My Lord, have both the *one*, t'*other* too.

On

On

On a Noble-man

Whose MOTTO is,

Cavendo Tutus.

WHo as the *Flint* bears *Fire*, so bears his Worth,
And is not always shewing of it forth;
But for more weighty and profound respects,
The needless *ostentation* of't neglects.
Who's that *just man without all guile or fraud*,
Who next to's *first* Religion unto *God*,
Counts that 'twixt man and man his *second* one;
And for a World wou'd harm and injure none:
Who's *wary* and *circumspect* in all his ways,
And nothing *rashly* either does or says;
Nor any thing, in fine, that may offend
His *Prince*, his *Country*, *Conscience*, or his *Friend*.
He onely knows to *live*, and to *live well*;
How *others* do the whilst, I cannot tell.

If any now wou'd know who This may be,
By his *Cavendo Tutus* they may see:
It is a *Cavendish*, and that *Devonshire*'s He.

TO
The Lord *GEORGE BERKLEY.*

IT is an Axiome in *Morality*,
That *Vertue's onely true Nobility*;
If ſo, ther's none gives clearer proof than you,
My Lord, that your *Nobility* is *true*.
And that 't may ſo continue, you provide,
By adding to't *true Piety* beſide.
For, *Piety is but Vertue dy'd in grain*,
Can ne'r change *colour*, nor take *ſpot* or *ſtain*.
In which *pure garment* whoſoere are clad,
Are truly *vertuous*, truly *noble* made.
Such Courtiers Heav'n deſires, and *ſuch* Kings ſhou'd
Deſire too, if they'd have them *great* and *good*.
Happie the whilſt, my Lord, are ſuch as *you*,
Fit for both th' *earthly* Court, and *heav'nly* too;
Whilſt thoſe who do not *joyn them* both together,
As *you* have done, my Lord, are fit for *neither*.

To Mr. *HENRY JERMIN*,

On their demanding why he had no higher TITLES, *&c.*

STill *Noble*, *Gallant*, *Generous*, and *Brave*:
What more of *Titles* wou'd theſe people have?
Or what can they imagine more, to expreſs
How *great* thou art, that would not make thee *leſs*?
He who is proud of *other Titles*, is
Proud of a thing that's *other's*, none of *his*.
And 'twere in thee but vain ambition
To ſeek by *other Titles* to be known;
When *Henry Jermins* name alone affords
As high and great a ſound as any *Lord's*.
The title of a *worthy perſon's* more
Than all which they ſo obſequiouſly adore:
And ther's no *Office* they can greater call,
Than doing of *good offices* to all.
This is thy *Office*, theſe thy *Titles* are;
Let who liſt take the *reſt*, thou doſt not care.

On

On the Cloſet or Study

OF

MARGARET Dutcheſs of *Newcaſtle.*

WHat place is this! 't looks like ſome *ſacred Cell*
Where holy *Ermits* anciently did dwell.
Is this a *Ladies Cloſet?* 't cannot be;
For nothing here of *vanity* you ſee,
Nothing of *Curioſity* or *Pride*,
As moſt of Ladies Cloſets have beſide.
Here ſhe's in *rapture*, here in *extaſie*,
With ſtudying high and deep Philoſophy.
Here thoſe *clear lights* deſcend into her minde,
Which by *reflection* in her *Books* you finde;
And thoſe high *notions* and *idea's* too,
Which *but her ſelf*, no Woman ever knew.
Whence ſhe's the chiefeſt *ornament* and *grace*
O'th' *Age*, and of her *Sex*: hail ſacred place,
To which the world in after-times ſhall come,
As unto *Homers* Shrine, or *Virgils* Tomb;
Honouring the place wherein ſhe made abode,
The air ſhe breath'd, and ground whereon ſhe trod.
So *Fame* rewards the *Arts*, and ſo agen
The *Arts* reward all *thoſe* that honour them.
Whilſt whoſoe'r in other *Fames* does truſt,
Shall after death, lie in forgotten duſt.

On *MELCHBOURN*,

The Residence of the Earl of *Bullingbrook*.

Melchbourn with such perpetual *quiet* blest,
As if the *Halcyon* there had built its nest,
Or 'twere the *middle region* of the air,
Where never *storms* nor *tempests* do repair.
Whether the *Exorcism* i'th' *place* doth lie,
Or rather in the *peaceful company*,
Whose *Lord* and *Lady* of a dove-like kinde,
Live so united, with *one soul* and *minde*:
Betwixt them never yet was other *strife*,
But who should *kindest* be, of *man* or *wife*.
All *friendship*, *nobleness*, and *kindness*, *He*;
All *sweetness*, *gentleness*, and *mildness*, *She*.
No Weathercocks of *Humour*, apt to *change*;
To day *familiar*, and to morrow *strange*:
But constant to their *goodness*, and their *way*;
The same *to-morrow* as they were *to-day*.
So men at *ease* and *certainty* live there;
In *pain* and in *uncertainty* elsewhere.

On the Duke of *Albemarl's*, AND And the Earl of *Sandwich's* Bringing in the KING.

THat *preſent* and all *future times may know*
How much to *Monk* and *Montague* they owe;
By them that *great* and *mighty work* was done,
O'th' *Kings* moſt happie *Reſtauration*.
A *happineſs* ſo *general*, we may call
It well *The Reſtauration of us all*.
Whilſt t'one reſtor'd him to poſſeſſion
O'th' *Royal Fleet*, t'other o'th' *Royal Throne*.
One gave him full and abſolute Command
O'th' *Sea* again, as t'other did o'th' *Land*.
For which, what *Statues* had erected been
In former times, what *Titles* giv'n to them;
And with what *acclamations* had they ſaid,
Whilſt to theſe *Heroes* they their thanks had paid!
"If *others* have their *Honours* well deſerv'd,
"Who nobly have their King and Country *ſerv'd*;
"What Honours ever can be *worthy* You,
"Who have not onely *ſerv'd*, but *ſav'd* them too!

On

On the Death OF The Earl of *Sandwich*.

NEver was greater *Sacrifice* than this,
Where *Sea*'s the *Temple*, *Fireſhip Altar* is,
And *Sandwich Victime* offer'd up, to ſave
His Countries *Honour* by a death more brave
Than ever *Heroe* di'd, though we ſhou'd ſum
All *Greece* ere boaſted of, or ancient *Rome*.
O Noble *Sandwich* ! while there's Memory,
O'th' *Britiſh Seas* thy *Fame* ſhall never die ;
Who 'twixt two *different* deaths, at laſt wert found
In *Water burnt*, and in the *Fier drown'd*.
As if to kill thee *once* did not ſuffice
Thy mighty minde, but they muſt kill thee *twice* :
Or elſe, to ſerve thy *Country*, thou didſt chooſe
More than *one death*, more than *one life* to looſe.
Let then the *Fabii*, *Decii*, *Curii*, nor
Meltiade's be mentioned no more,
Who for to ſerve their Country choſe to fall :
Our Noble *Sandwich* has *out-done* them all.

To

To the Earl of *Ossory*,

On his going to SEA.

MOst Noble *Ossory*, who dost possess
So much of *Honour* and of *Nobleness*,
As were *all Honour*, all *Nobility*
In *others lost*, they might be *found* in *thee*.
In these our Wars at *Sea*, where Death does stand
With twice more *force* and *terrour* than at *Land*;
Into what *danger* thou thy life dost bear,
The less *Thou* fear'st, the more *thy friends* do fear.
But when we talk of *danger* unto him,
Who *Life* than *Honour* does far less esteem,
This onely's all the *answer* he does give;
There's need to go, but there's no need to live.
Go then, since nothing can be *throughly* done,
But where the Noble *Ossory* is *one*.
There's nothing now that *England* needs to fear,
When *YORK* is *Leader*, and He *Follower*;
Who's both in *Peace* and *War*, by *Land* and *Sea*,
So *fit* to serve his Country every way,
As for *true Honour*, *true Nobility*,
England had ne'r a *braver man* than *He*.

To

To the Lord HENRY HOWARD of *Norfolk*, now Earl of *Norwich*, And Lord High Marſhal of *England*;

On his *African* Voyage.

COmmanded by your *Prince*, you did not ſay
For your Excuſe, *A Lion's in the way*;
But by *Obedience* and by *Honour* led,
Even into *Africk* went, where *they* are bred:
Teaching of *Subjects*, by the *haſte* you made,
How *Kings* and *Princes* are to be *obey'd*;
And how they obey but *ſlowly*, and *too late*,
When they *demur*, or elſe *capitulate*.
By *your Example* then, whoere are ſent
By *Kings* abroad, may learn this *Document*,
How they but ſerve *themſelves*, and not *their Kings*,
Who onely obey in *faſe* and *eaſie things*;
And how there's *little Honour* to obey,
When *difficulty* and *danger* is away.
Let then your *talking Croud* ſay what they will,
The *greater Danger*, *greater Honour* ſtill;
And *that*, my Lord, you went to *Africk* for,
Let who's liſt go to fetch the *Golden Oar*.

To the Same:

On his Voyage to CONSTANTINOPLE.

WHilſt *Merchants* Traffick for their *lucre*, *You*
Traffick for *Honour* whereſoere you go:
Of which *brave Merchandize* you always make
A *noble* and *rich Return* at coming back.
Witneſs that *Voyage* which you lately made
To the *Levant*, where is the *richeſt Trade*:
Beſides, now into *Italy* again,
Now into *France*, and unto faitheſt *Spain*.
How Rich the while muſt th'*Howards* be of't? who
Have ſuch *brave Factors* for't abroad, as *You*:
And are ſo honour'd for't at *home*, as they
Without offence and vanity may ſay,
As *God* firſt made the *Light*, then made the *Sun*
A *bright* and *great Reſerve* for't when h'had done:
So *Kings* make *Honours*, and the *Howards* are
The *great Reſerves* of't, ſtill you finde it *there*.

On *WELBECK*, the Duke of *Newcaſtle*'s Houſe, Where he ſo Royally Entertain'd the laſt KING.

Welbeck's a Royal place, where every thing
Seems *made* for Entertainment of a *King*;
And all the World confeſſes that he ne'r
Was entertain'd more *Royally* than there.
Whoſe *Cellar* and whoſe *Larder* ſeem t'have bin
Of ev'ry *forraign Land* the Magazin;
Whilſt every where their *Rarities* were ſought
By *Land* and *Sea*, and unto *Welbeck* brought.
Let *others* wonder at thy Lords *expence*,
And at the vaſtneſs of's *magnificence*,
Whoſe *feaſt* was but *Preludium* to the *coſt*
With which ſoon after he maintain'd an *Hoſt*.
He who would venture's *Fortunes*, *Life*, and *all*,
To ſerve his Maſter when his *General*;
For me, I ne'r ſhall wonder that he wou'd
Not ſpare his *Purſe*, that wou'd not ſpare his *Blood*.

To

TO
FRANCES
Dutcheſs of *Albemarle*.

Madame,

THe chiefeſt Office that the *Poet* has,
Is to give others their *deſerved praiſe*;
And when they finde a *true* and *real worth*,
T'*adorn* it handſomely, and *ſet it forth*.
So, there are *ſome* they praiſe for nothing elſe
But *Beauty*, or the *outſide* of themſelves.
Others, and more *deſervedly*, agen,
They praiſe for *Vertue*, or th' *inſide* of them;
And ſometimes for *Nobility* of *Blond*,
When 'tis *ennobled* by ſome *greater good*.
All which, of *noble*, *fair*, and *vertuous* too,
Being to perfection, *Madam*, found in *You*,
Whoever does not *praiſe* you for't, muſt be
No Poet, or elſe *blinde*, and cannot ſee:
And as for me, *Madam*, though I were *none*.
The *ſeeing You* were enough to make me *one*.

IN MEMORY OF The Lady *JANE CHEYNEE.*

THe *gentleſt temper*, and the *mildeſt breſt*,
Moſt apt to pardon, *needing* pardon *leaſt*;
Whoſe *Bluſh* was all her *Reprehenſion*,
And none ere heard her *chide*, or ſaw her *frown*;
Who was ſo *liberal* to the *Poor*, ſhe ſcant
Thought any thing her *own*, whilſt *they* did *want*;
And ſcarce had any *Paſſion* of her *own*,
But was for *others All compaſſion*.
So *Innocent* ſhe was in guiltieſt time,
Omiſſion of doing good was all her *Crime*;
And thoſe *omiſſions* chiefly did proceed
From the abundance too o'th' *good* ſhe did.
In fine, a *Saint* ſhe liv'd, and ſo ſhe di'd;
And now is gone where *onely they* abide.
Make much of her, ye *Saints*, for Heav'n knows when
Your *Quires* will ever have her *like* agen.

On *MARY* Dutchess of *Richmond.*

WHether a *chearful air* does rise,
And *elevate* her fairer Eyes,
Or a *pensive heavineſs*
Her lovely Eye-lids does *depreſs*;
Still the same *becoming Grace*
Accompanies her *Eyes* and *Face*:
Still you'd think that habit *beſt*
In which her *Countenance* last was dreſt.
Poor *Beauties!* whom a *look* or *glance*
Can sometimes make looks *fair by chance*;
Or curious *dreſs*, or artful *care*,
Can make *seem fairer* than they *are.*
Give me the *Eyes*, give me the *Face*,
To which *no Art* can adde a *Grace*;
Give me the *Looks* no *garb* nor *dreſs*
Can ever make *more fair*, or *leſs.*

On

On *GEORGE* Duke of *Buckingham* her Father, To the Lord Duke her Brother.

THe *Gallantſt Perſon*, and the *Nobleſt Minde*,
In all the World his *Prince* could ever finde,
Or to participate his *private cares*,
Or bear the *publick weight* of *his affairs*:
All which he bore as *ſteady*, and as *even*
As ever *Atlas* did the Globe of Heaven:
Like well-built *Arches*, ſtronger with their *weight*;
And well-built *Mindes*, the ſteadier with their *height*.
Such was the *Compoſition* and *Frame*
O'th' Noble and the Gallant *Buckingham*.

Theſe, whilſt he *liv*'d, your *Fathers* praiſes were;
And now he's *dead*, are *Yours*, my Lord, his *Heir*.
The *winning Carriage*, and the *ſmiling Grace*
Of his *exterior Perſon*, and his *Face*;
The noble *Vertues* of 's *interiour Breſt*;
And in's *Example* you have all the reſt.

To *LILLY*, DRAWING The Dutchess of *Cleveland*'s Picture.

STay, daring man, and ne'r presume to draw
Her *Picture*, till thou mayst such *Colours* get
As *Zeuxis* or *Apelles* never saw,
Nor ere were known by any *Painter* yet.
Till from all *Beauties* thou extracts the *grace*,
And from the *Sun*, the *Beams* that gild the Skies,
Never presume to draw her *Beauteous face*,
Nor paint the *radiant brightness* of her *Eyes*.
In vain the while *thou* dost the labour take,
Since *none* can set her forth to her *desert*;
She who's above all *Nature* ere did make,
Much more's above all can be made by *Art*.
Yet be n't discourag'd: for whoere does see't,
At least with *admiration* must confess
It has an *air* for *charming* and for *sweet*,
Much more than *others*, though than *hers much less*.
So those *bold Gyants* who would scale the *Skie*,
Although they in their *high attempt* did *fall*,
This *comfort* had, They mounted yet more high
Than those who *never strove* to climb at all.
Comfort thee then, and think it no *disgrace*,
From so great *height* a little to *decline*;
Since all must grant, the *reason* of it was
Her *too great Excellence*, and *no want* of thine.

To

To the Dutchess of *Cleveland*: On her new Accession of TITLES, *An.* 1670.

ALthough your Graces *Modestie* is so great,
You won't admit of your own *praises*, yet
We well may praise *you* under *Beauties* name;
And *You* and *Beauty*, Madam, are the *same*.
To ask then, what in *Beauty* we can finde
To honour so? is question of the *blinde*;
Since all have any *sense*, or *eyes*, may see
It self alone is *its own* dignity,
And, *Monarch-like*, does in *it self* compose
All other *Titles*, *Stiles*, and *Dignities*.
Th'are *envious* then, at its *advancement* grutch,
Or think it can be *honour'd* here too much.
That might in *ancient times*, if it had been,
Have chose what *Constellation* 'twou'd be in;
Either t'have sat in *Cassiopæi*'s Throne,
Or to be crown'd with *Ariadne*'s Crown.
There is no *Honour* underneath the skie,
That is for *Beauty* too sublime and high.

To the Earl of S. *Albans*, Lord Chamberlain to His Majeſtie.

My Lord,

THough we allow *Fortune* no Deity,
Yet ſure there's ſome ſuch *fickle thing* as She,
That has great pow'r over th' *unwiſer* ſort,
And, next to *Vertue*, can do much in Court.
For ſince i'th' Court y'ave *ſtood*, and *honoured* been,
How many *Revolutions* have we ſeen?
How many *ſtrange Examples* have we known,
Of *Favourites* ſh'has *rais'd* and *overthrown*?
Whilſt none but ſuch as *You* can *firmly ſtand*,
Not rais'd by *Fortune*'s, but by *Vertue*'s hand.
Live *ever honour'd* then, *ever the ſame*,
Still more and more ennobling *Jermin*'s Name,
And live a *Great Example* unto all
Who *tottering* ſtand in Court, and fear to *fall*;
How none but thoſe are rais'd by *Vertues* hand,
Can either *ſafely riſe*, or *firmly ſtand*.

On Mris *STUART*.

STUART, a Royal Name that ſprings
From Race of *Caledonian* Kings;
Whoſe *vertuous minde*, and *beautious frame*,
Addes *Honour* to that Royal *Name*.
What *praiſes* can we worthy finde,
To celebrate your *form* and *minde*?
The greateſt pow'r that is on *Earth*
Is giv'n to *Princes* by their Birth;
But there's no pow'r in *Earth* nor *Heav'n*,
Greater than what's to *Beauty* given:
That, makes not onely *Men relent*,
When unto *rage* and *fury* bent,
But *Lions* tame, and *Tygers* mild,
All *fierceneſs* from their breſts exil'd.
Such *Wonders* yet could ne'r be done
By *Beauties* pow'r and force alone,
Without the force and power to boot
Of excellent *goodneſs* added to't.
For juſt as *Jewels* we behold
More brightly ſhine when ſet in *Gold*:
So *Beauty* ſhines far brighter yet,
In *goodneſs* and in *vertue* ſet.
Continue then but as you *are*,
So excellently *good* and *fair*;
Let *Princes* by their Birthrights *ſway*,
You'll have a *Power* as great as *they*.

On

On her Dancing at *White-hall*, All ſhining with JEWELS.

SO *Citharea* in th'Olympick Hall,
And th'reſt o'th' *Stars* dance their *Celeſtial Ball*,
As *Stuart* with the reſt o'th' *Nymphs* does here,
The brighteſt *Beauties* of the *Britiſh Sphere*.
Who wou'd not think her *Heav'n*, to ſee her thus
All ſhine with *Starry Jewels* as ſhe does?
Or ſomewhat *heavenlier* yet, to ſee her *Eyes*
Outſhine the *Starry Jewels* of the *Skies*?
Onely their *ſplendour*'s ſo exceeding *bright*,
Th' exceſs *confounds* and *blindes* us with the ſight.
Juſt like the *Sun*, who's *bright* to that degree,
Nothing is *more*, nothing *leſs ſeen* than he.
Mean time the rapid motion of the *Spheres*
Is not more *ſweet* nor *raviſhing* than *hers*:
And 'tis not th' *harmony* makes her dance, but *She*
With *dancing* 'tis that makes the *harmony*.
Next to divineſt *Cynthia* Queen of Light,
Never was ſeen a *Nymph* more *fair* and *bright*;
Nor ever ſhall 'mongſt all her *Starry train*,
Though *thoſe in heav'n* ſhou'd all come *down* again.

On her Marriage
WITH
The Duke of *Richmond.*

THe faireſt Nymph in all *Diana*'s train,
For whom ſo many *ſigh'd*, and *ſigh'd in vain*:
She who ſo oft had *others* captive made,
And who ſo oft o'r *others* triumpht had,
Is *Hymens* captive now *her ſelf*, and led
In *triumph* to the Noble *Richmond*'s Bed.
Nor is it ſtrange to ſee about her flie
As many *Cupids* as are Stars i'th' skie,
As many *Graces* as are Sands i'th' Sea,
Nor yet as many *Venus*'s as they:
But to behold ſo many *Vertues* throng
About a *Nymph* ſo *beautiful* and *young*,
Is ſtrange indeed, and does enough declare
That ſhe is full as *vertuous* as *fair*;
And all thoſe *lovely graces* has beſide,
As ere made *Bridegroom happie* in a *Bride.*

To JAMES Earl of *Northampton*.

WHilſt you your Father's *Noble ſteps* did trace,
And ſtill were found where *greateſt danger* (was,
As none i'th' *Wars* more *active* was than you,
So none has *ſince* more *ſuffer'd* for it too,
By *Plundring*, *Haraſſing*, *Impriſonment*,
And all *ſucceſsful Rebels* could invent
To puniſh *Loyalty* with, in ſuch a time,
When *being Loyal* was the greateſt *Crime*:
All which you not with *patience* alone,
But ev'n with *chearfulneſs* have undergone;
Wiſhing your *danger*, *loſs*, and *ſuffering*,
Far *greater* yet, in ſerving of your *King*:
And that far from the *merc'nary* regard
Of thoſe did leſs for *Honour* than *Reward*.
And you've the *Honour* of't; let other men
Take the *Reward*, you do not envie them.

To

To Sir *WILLIAM DUCEI*,

On his Three Entertainments;

Of the KING, Prince of *Tuscany*, and Prince of *Denmark*,

All the same Year, *An.* 1669.

Ducei, who bravely knows to *spend*
When 'tis for any *noble end*,
And never sticks at the *expence*,
When 'tis to shew *magnificence*;
For th' *Royal Entertainment* that
Thou gav'st unto thy *Prince* of late,
The *Honour* onely is thine own:
But what's to *other Princes* done,
The *honour* which to that is due
Is both *thine own*, and *others* too:
In that, th'art but a *private* man;
In this, a *publike* person; and
Thy Country shou'd *ungrateful* be,
Shou'd it not always honour *Thee*,
Who know'st so *bravely* how to *spend*,
When 'tis for any *noble end*;
And never sticks at the *expence*,
When 'tis to shew *magnificence*.

To

To Mr. *BERNARD HOWARD*, Brother to the Duke of *Norfolk*.

Seguite il Pocchi, & non li vulgare genti.

I Grant you, Sir, I have a *minde* unfit
For my *low fortune*, and *too high* for it:
But ſure you'll grant 'tis better have it *ſo*,
Than for *high fortune* t'have a *minde too low*.
By that, a man is *elevated* to
An *Angels* pitch, attain'd by onely few:
By this, the *Noble ſoul* is ev'n *depreſt*
Unto the *Vulgar*, almoſt to the *Beaſt*.
This *Sentence* I have ta'n for *Motto* then:
Follow the few, not vulgar ſort of men.
Nor care I what the *common people* ſay,
For being not of their *number*, nor their *way*:
They do but *talk*, and can't in *judgement* ſit,
Nor lies it in their *Verge* to judge of *Wit*.
I put my ſelf upon the onely *few*;
That is, the *beſt* and *Nobleſt*, ſuch as *You*.

To

To the truly Honourable, Mr. *THOMAS HOWARD*, Brother to the Earl of *Carliſle*.

Noble Sir,

THough ne'r ſo *many* confidently aver
That *Honour*'s onely in the *Honourer*;
Yet we may well affirm of ſuch as *You*,
'Tis both i'th' *Honourer* ann *Honour'd* too.
Nay, *You*'d be *Honourable*, Sir, thou there were none
Extant in all the world but *You alone*.
As th' *Sun* wou'd ſtill be *luminous* and *bright*,
Though *men*, like *moles*, were all *depriv'd of ſight*.
Let *others* glory in the *Honours* then
And *Titles* they receive from *other men*;
You have no *Titles* by the which y'are known,
Nor *Honours*, but what's properly *Your own*.

The End of the Second BOOK.

The Third Book of Miscellany Epigrams.

On our Town-LIBELLERS.

WE have a sort of *Libellers* in Town,
For base & villanous Rhyme, put *Withers* down;
Men *semi-Atheists*, and who want not much,
In *lives* and *manners* to be *wholly* such.
So perfect bad, they laugh at *Machiavil*
For saying *None can be extremely ill.*
And in their *Writings*, as in all the rest,
Satyrs, half Men, half Goats, and wholly *Beast*.
These, when they write of *Dildoes* and such stuff,
May be allow'd, though scurrilous enough:
But when they write 'gainst *others*, nay don't spare
Ev'n *Kings* themselves, had best in time beware
Lest as *wilde horses*, which unless they check
In their Carreer, oft break their *Riders* neck:
So may their *Wits* in time break their necks too,
Unless they *rule* them better than they do.
Such are your *Libellers*, who 're but the same
Savage and *wilde*, as Ballad-makers *tame*:
Hated by th' *nobler* sort, and, to conclude,
Lov'd and applauded by the *multitude*,
For writing as they do 'gainst every one,
And counted *Wits*, when rather they have none;
Employ their *Pens* and *Wits* in such a way,
As none in *Bedlam*'s half so *mad* as they.
And now if any take exceptions for
Writing 'gainst these, let them take *Hellebor*.

The Pourtrait.

Such a ſtature as they call
Nor too *low*, nor yet too *tall*,
And each part, from head to foot,
With a juſt *proportion* to't;
Hair ſo black, and *skin* ſo white,
Never was a fairer ſight:
And her fairer yet to make,
Eye and *Eyebrows* too, as black:
Forehead ſmoother than the *Glaſs*
Where ſhe ſees her lovely *face*:
Cheeks where naturally grows
The *Lilly* and the bluſhing *Roſe*:
Lips all other Lips excelling,
Th'ar are ſo *ruddy*, and ſo *ſwelling*:
Voice that charms you, 'tis ſo ſweet,
Made more charming by her *Wit*.
In fine, for *ſymmetry* and *feature*,
Nature ne'r made a fairer creature.
If any'd know who this may be,
Name but *Bellaſis*, and 'tis ſhe.

The

The Young Couple,

J. D. and *B. S.*

THey well faign'd *Cupid* yong: for then's the time,
As *Roſes* in the *bud*, when he's in's prime.
And ſuch an *early love* is this of theirs,
Who now are married in their tender years.
Now, like *ſoft Wax*, they apteſt are to take
The ſweet *impreſſions* which their *Loves* ſhall make.
And like *young Plants*, they'll eaſily bend and bow;
Which, older grown, they'd not ſo eaſily do.
Let none the whilſt object their *Pupillage*;
For *Love* and *Marriage* none are under age.
For what does *Hymens rites* to *Lovers* more
Than joyn their *hands*, whoſe *hearts* were joyn'd before?
And here on *earth*, by *ſacred Pledges* given,
Confirm that *Marriage* which was made in *Heaven*?
To th' *Temple* then, and as they paſs along,
Let *Youths* and *Virgins* ſing their *Nuptial ſong*;
And thus conclude: For *noble*, *good*, and *fair*,
Hymen ne'r coupled a more equal pair.

To M. M. *Davies*,
On her excellent Dancing and Singing.

HOw I admire thee, *Davies!* the delight
Both of the raviſht *hearing* and the *ſight!*
Whoſe *dancing* and whoſe *ſinging* added to't,
Shews thee *all Harmony* from *head* to *foot*.
Who would not ſay, to ſee thee *dance* ſo *light*,
Thou wert all *air*, or elſe all *flame* and *ſpright?*
Or who'd not think, to ſee thee onely *tread*,
Thy feet were *Feathers*, others feet but *Lead?*
Athlanta well cou'd *run*, and *Hermes flie*,
But none e'r *mov'd* more gracefully than thee.
And *Circes* charm'd with *Wand* and *Magick lore*,
But none like thee ere charm'd with *feet* before.
Thou *Miracle*, whom all men muſt admire!
To ſee thee move like *air*, and mount like *fire*.
Whoe'r would follow thee, and come but nigh
To thy perfection, muſt not *dance*, but *flie*.
But now ſhe *ſings*, let's peace, and ſay no more:
For juſt as when ſhe onely *dane'd* before,
We wiſht our ſelves all *Eyes* to *ſee* her, ſo
We wiſh our ſelves all *Ears* to *hear* her now.
Onely we'll ſay, Never did mortal ear
On *earth* before ſuch *heavenly muſick* hear.
And we her ſinging well may *heavenly* call,
Whoſe *skill*'s *divine*, and *voice Angelical*.

On

On her *pretty Daughter.*

PRetty childe, in whom appears
All the *ſeeds*, above thy years,
Of every *Beautie*, every *Grace*,
As ere was *ſown* in *minde* or *face*.
Never by Nature yet was made
A Childe who more *perfections* had;
Nor ever, though ſhe'd ne'r ſo fain,
Can ſhe make the *like* again.
Thou art th' *Epitome* of all
We *pretty*, *fair*, and *ſweet* do call:
And for the more Conformity,
This is th' *Epitome* of Thee.

On a Ladies Bluſhing When the KING beheld her.

SO *Roſes* bluſh when lookt on by the *Sun*,
As *ſhe* when by the *King* ſhe's lookt upon:
And ſo of all *fair things* we nothing ſee
More *fair* in nature than the *Roſe* and *She*.
If things take names from their *Original*,
We well her Bluſhes *Royal ones* may call;
And if we've loſt the *Royal Purples* Stain,
It in her *Cheeks* may well be found again.
In brief, as 'tis a ſigne the *Sun* draws neer,
When fair *Aurora* bluſhing does appear;
To ſee her bluſhing when the King does come,
You'd ſay *He* were *Aurora*, *ſhe* the *Sun*.

On

On a famous Running Horse.

LEt Fabulous *Antiquity* no more
Boast of the *Running horses* 't had before:
Here is a *Horse*, to whom they'd all seem *lame*
Who ran i'th' *Isthmos* or *Nemean* Game;
Surpassing far the *Horses* of the *Sun*
So many thousand miles a day do run;
Or *Gynets* of the *Andalusian* kinde,
For *swiftness* far outstrip their *Sire*, the *Winde*:
Whom we had prais'd before, but that there's none
Had time to do it till the Race was done.
Swifter than *thought*, or *lightning* from the skie,
Begins and ends in *twinkling of an Eye*:
Such is his speed when he begins to run,
Whose *ending* and *beginning* is all one;
And now w'ave *time* to *praise* him, then w'ad none.
Let none then talk of *Pegasus*, nor yet
O'th' t'other *Flying horse* of *Pacolet*;
While we have ——— here, we well may say,
We have our *Flying horse* as well as *they*.

On

On a Pretty Little Perſon.

SHe is *pretty*, and ſhe *knows* it;
She is *witty*, and ſhe *ſhows* it:
And beſides that ſhe's ſo *witty*,
And ſo *little*, and ſo *pretty*,
Sh'has a hundred other *parts*,
For to *take* and *conquer* Hearts.
'Mongſt the reſt, her *Air's* ſo ſprightful,
And ſo pleaſant and delightful,
With ſuch *Charms*, and ſuch *Attractions*,
In her *words*, and in her *actions*,
As whoe'r does *hear* and *ſee*,
Say there's none do *charm* but ſhe.
But who have her in their arms,
Say ſh'has hundred *other Charms*,
And as many more *Attractions*
In her *words* and in her *actions*:
But for that, ſuffice to tell ye
'Tis the little pretty *Nelly*.

ON Mris JEAN ROBERTS.

ROberts, whom rather we *Rob-hearts* may call;
Since of our *hearts* her *Beauty* robs us all
And does it with such *gentle force* and *sleight*,
As she even *robs* us with her very *sight*.
Nay, what few Beauties else cou'd ever do,
Her sight not onely *robs*, but *kills* us too,
Though none so found of it was ever found,
Who wou'd not gladly die of such a *wound*.
Nor talk of *Law* to her, who is above
All other *Laws*, but onely those of *Love*.
Whence she's so *high* and *absolute* become,
As she *gives Laws* to *all*, but *takes* of *none*.
Such priviledge *Beauty* has, whence we may see,
Less Thieves are *punish't*, *great* ones *lawless* be;
And *mighty Conquerors*, whom no Laws can touch,
Do *rob* and *kill*, like her, but not *so much*.

To CLARISSA,
Too curious in her Dress.

AND why, *Clarissa*, all this *pain* and *care*,
To gain the Reputation of *fair*?
When without all this *care*, and all this *pain*,
You *have already* what you strive to *gain*.
All other Arts in you would show as poor,
As theirs would do who seek to *guild Gold ore*:
And you'd appear as vain in it, as they
Who seek by Art to *Blanch the Milkie way*.
Men well this *curious dressing* may suspect,
Since *Beauty* still shows *best* in the *neglect*;
And *Truth* and *it* needs so small letting forth,
As all you add to't, takes but from it's worth.
Leave then, *Clarissa*, these *poor helps* to those,
Who need to piece their *Beauties* out with *Clothes*.
So *Politicks* when th'*Lyons skin* does fail
Do use to piece it out with *Foxes tail*:
But when th'have *Lyons skin* enough, 'tis poor
And beggerly to add a *piece* to't more.

Dissuasion from Marriage.

CÆlia, who now are in your Beauties prime,
Courted by all the Gallants of the time,
Who nothing else the whilst of Heaven do crave,
But that for Wife, they might fair Celia have;
I'le tell you what your Beauty is, and what
Y'are to expect, when come to Marriage state.
Beauty is just like Sweet-meats, which before
Th'have tasted of, nothing they long for more;
But after once 'tis tasted, and enjoy'd,
Nothing with which your Men are sooner cloy'd.
Your Marriage then is such a Lydia thing,
And's flames become so dull and languishing,
As losing all their force i'th' Marriage-bed.
'Tis Ice to them, that Fire to all the rest.
Go Celia then, and Marry if you will;
If not, be wise, and live a Virgin still.

To Sir K. D.

WHilst with thy *mighty Wit* I but compare
Our *Petty ones*, methinks they *Pigmies* are,
And thine the *Gyant*, with whose *vast discourse*
Whilst we'd be meddling fain, but want the *force*,
Thy Wit comes to't, and takes it up with *ease*,
And *turns* and *winds* which way so'er thou please.
Whence we perceive 'tis not for *every one*
To manage *Hercules* Club, but *him* alone.
Mean time, how I have long'd when I have been
Where I some insolent *talking Sir* have seen
Usurping *all discourse* o'th' company,
Whil'st none must *speak*, none must be *heard* but *he*,
T'ave some such *Tyrant-Conquerour* as *thou*
To undertake him, onely to see how
My *talking Sir* would presently be hush,
And all's *swoln pride* just like a *Bladder* crush.
So have I seen some *Chattering Pye* or *Jay*
Fright with their *noise* the *lesser Fowl* away,
Untill some mighty *Eagle* comes in sight,
When straight themselves are *hush* and put to *flight*.

To Mr. *Ed: Waller*,

ON

His Excellent POEMS.

Poco e bono.

'TIs not in *Wits*, as 'tis in *horses* found,
Where those who *run the fastest get most ground*.
Nor does't with *Books*, as't does with *Cattle* fare,
Where those are counted *best* that *greatest* are.
Yet such *voluminous Authors* think it *brave*,
When *they*, like those o'th' *Alps*, their swelling have
Which *other men* more *learned* and more *wise*,
Do look upon but as *deformities*.
If Writing *much* did make a *learned man*,
Scriveners write more than Learned'st *Authors* can;
Or th' Imploying *much Paper* were the way,
A hundred Tradesmen Imploy *more than they*.
The Italian wisely say's, *A little and good*;
By which best way of writing's understood.
And never *any Author* more then *you*,
Did in their *writings* make that saying *true*.

On a most fair Beautiful Youth.

WHat *more than fair* and *Beauteous* Youth is this,
Seems *Nature*'s chiefest *Pride* & *Master-piece*?
When doubtful *whether sex* to make, she made
One, who of *either* all perfection had:
You'd think him young *Apollo*, or the *Sun*,
But that his face has *two*, *Phœbus* but *one*;
Or else that *Cupid* God of *Love* he were,
Did *he* like *him*, but *Bow* and *Quiver* bear.
Who e're he be, you by his *Eyes* and *Face*,
May see he's born of *more-than-mortal* Race,
And that ther's somewhat in's *Nativitie*
Approaches nigh to a *Divinitie*.
Live then, *Fair Youth*, and may the *Fates* still twine
New Treads of *life*, and add them unto thine,
Till thou at last immortal may'st become,
As bright *Latona*'s or fair *Venus* Son.
Which if the *Fates* and *Destinies* deny,
Thine own *immortal fame* may well supply.

Of Miss's and Mistresses.

TO know the derivation of a *Miss*,
She the *diminutive* of a *Mistress* is,
Or *little Mistress*, who as yet's not come
Unto the honour of a *greater* one.
But you may call her by her *Christen name*,
Whil'st t'other must at least be call'd *Ma-dame*.
And she most commonly *unmarried* is,
Whil'st *Married wives* commonly are *Mistresses*.
For th'rest, 'bating but difference of the *name*,
To all intents and purposes they'r the *same*;
Living the *merriest* and the *pleasant* 'st lives,
With all the *priviledges* of *Married wives*;
And are to their *Gallants* more costly far
Than *Married wives* unto their *Husbands* ar;
They giving *more*, how e're the Devil it comes,
For *lawless pleasures*, then for *lawful ones*.
Whence now *Son of a Whore*'s a name more common,
Then ever was *Son of an honest Woman*.

Of one Swearing

IN

CORNELIUS TUB.

WHo's this? that lives so like *Diogenes*
For he liv'd in a *Tub*, and so does *this*.
Some *holy Anchorite*, perhaps, does dwell
In *Tub* instead of *Solitarie cell*.
Or some *Tub-preacher*, who does take such pains
To Preach 'gainst *Babel*, as he *sweats* again.
Pox! now I know, he's one i'th' cafe, here in
Who *Sweats* far more for's *own* than *Adam's sin*.
And's in so sweet a pickle, I suppose
He's glad *himself* that he has *even a Nose*.
Yet he's so far from raying 'gainst *Women*,
Or *sorrow* and *repentance* for his *sinning*,
He call's it still the *sweet sin of the flesh*,
Though it be rather *powder'd* now, then *fresh*.
And as for *Women*, says, howe're th'have serv'd him,
A Woman *made* him, and a Woman *merr'd* him.

To a LADY.

Too confident of her *Innocence*.

MAdam, That you are *Innocent*'s know,
But th' world wants *Innocence* to think you *so*;
And you must seek, now, *slander* to prevent,
As well as to be *Chast* and *Innocent*:
When men are so *unjust*, they'll scarce allow
That any can be *fair* and *vertuous* now.
In *Saturn*'s days, perhaps, it might suffice,
When to be *Innocent*, was to be *wise*:
But *now*, without the *Serpents wisdom* too,
The *Innocence* of the *Dove* will hardly do.
You must provide, then, some more sure *defence*
'Gainst *slanderous Tongues*, besides your *Innocence*.
For *Innocence* is Vertue but *unarm'd*;
The more you *trust* unto't, the more y'are *harm'd*.

The Ladies name in Ænigma.

HEr *first* name somewhat of *Elysium* has;
And *second* is in a more mystick phrase,
That colour which showes venerable *age*,
And does i'th' morning a *fair day* presage.
Unriddle now, and tell whose *name* this is,
Or forfeit a *discretion* if you miss.

On

To Mr. JOHN DRYDEN.

Dryden the Muses *darling* and *delight*,
Than whom none ever flew a Braver *flight*,
Nor ever any's *Muse* so high did soar
Above the Poets *Empyreum* before.
Some are so *low* and *creeping*, they appear
But as the *reptils* of *Parnassus* were;
Others but *water-Poets*, who have gone
No farther then to'th' *Fount* of *Helicon*:
And they but *Airy ones*, whose *Muse* soars up
No higher than to mount *Parnassus top*.
Whil'st *thou* with *thine* does seem t'have mounted higher
Than him who fetch't from Heaven *Cœlestial fire*,
And do'st as far surpass *all others*, as
The *fire* all other *Elements* do's surpass.

Of

Of an Excellent Actor:
OR,
The praises of *Richard Burbadge.*
To *Charles Hart.*

WHo did appear so *gracefully* o'th' *Stage*,
He was th' *Admir'd example* of the *Age*;
And so observ'd all your *Drammatique Laws*,
He n'ere went off the *Stage* but with *applause*:
Who his *Spectators* and his *Auditours*
Led in such silent Chains o'th' *Eyes* and *Ears*,
As none whilst he o'th' *Stage* his *part* did play,
Had power to *speak*, or *look* another way:
Who a delightful *Proteus* was, and cou'd
Transform himself into what *shape* he wou'd:
And of an *excellent Orator* had all
In *voice* and *gesture* we *delightful* call:
Who was the *Soul* o'th' *Stage*, and we may say,
'Twas onely *he* gave *Life* unto a *Play*,
Which was but *dead* as 'twas by th' Author writ,
Till he by's *Action* animated it.
And finally, he did o'th' *Stage* appear
Beauty to th' *Eye*, and *Musique* to the *Ear*.
Such even the nicest Criticks must allow
Burbadge was *once*, And such *Charles Hart* is *now*.

In

In one who Slandered A Fair LADY.

THou enemy of all that's *bright* and *Fair*,
As of the *light* your *Fowls of darkneſs* are:
Monſter of Monſters, *Baſilisk* of ſpight,
That *kills* with *Tongue*, as t'other does with *Sight*.
Who takes our *Purſe*, does but as *Robbers* do;
Who takes our *Fames*, Robs us and *kills* us too:
And with their *venomous tongues*, and *poyſonous breath*,
Wou'd, if they cou'd, even *kill us after death*.
Beauty's a thing Divine, and he who wou'd
Wrong *that*, wou'd wrong *Divinity* if he cou'd;
But I miſtake 'em is no *infamy*
To be *calumniated* by ſuch as thee:
Thou rather *praiſeſt* them againſt thy will,
Like him who *curſes* by chance whom he wou'd *kill*.
For 'tis the *ſame thing*, rightly underſtood,
To be *diſprais'd* by th' *bad*, as *prais'd* by th' *good*.

A Ladies thoughts defended.

AS 'tis a *Godlike* disposition
To *think*, and *speak* the best of every one;
So 'tis a spirit *Diabolical*,
To *think* the *worst*, and to *speak ill* of all.
And what *fault* is't *others* can find with you,
Of which *themselves* are not as *guilty* too?
'Less *Beauty* be a *fault*, and then who would
Not gladly be *as guilty*, if they could?
All have their *faults*, and those who have the least
We shou'd account the *happiest* and the *best*.
'Tis the condition of *humanity*,
None in *this world* without *some faults* can be;
And who'd have those with *none at all*, must go
To th' world *above*, there's none in this *below*.

This world's a *Race*, where some do nothing else
But find fault with, and never *run* themselves,
But *do* you *well*, and then let them *speak ill*;
The more *their shame*, the more *your honour* still.

In Execration of the Small POX.

OF all Diſeaſes of *Pandora*'s Box,
Was none more *foul* not *ſilly* than the *Pox*:
Not that for *honour ſake* the *Great* we call
But that *diſhonourable one*, the *Small*;
The greateſt enemy that *Beauty* has,
And very *Goth* and *Vandal* of a *face*;
On which it makes as *bad* or *worſer work*
Than does it's Couſin *Meaſels* upon *Pork*.
One of thoſe *Devils* which in former time
Caſt out of *man*, went to the herd of *Swine*,
And giving them the *Pox*, is come again
To play the *Devil* as it did with *men*.
For that which is already, all *curſe-proof*,
What *Execration* then can be *enough*?
For, bid a *plague upon it*, and that curſe
'T anticipates already, for 'tis worſe;
Or *great Pox on it*, we ſhou'd curſe but *ill*;
For 'tis more *great*, in being the *ſmall Pox* ſtill.
Since 'tis ſo *bad*, nothing can *worſer* make it,
'Twere no harm then to bid *the Devil take it*.

In Small-Beer.

HOw *cold* am I with drinking of this *small-Beer*, we may well the *Devils Julip* call?
Distill'd from *Lembeck* of some *Lapland*-Witch,
With *North-winds* Bellowes blowing in her *britch*:
Or *Stale* of some *old Hagg* o'th' Marshes, who
Than *water* never *better Liquor* knew.
A *pœnitential* Drink, for none, by right,
But those i'th' *morning*, who were *drunk ore night*.
Sure t'was the *poyson*, as we well may think,
They gave condemned *Socrates* to drink,
Or that the *Macedonian* drank, so cold,
As nothing but an *Asses-hoof* wou'd hold.
We are deceiv'd, it was not *Niobe's moan*,
But *drinking small-Beer*, turn'd her into *stone*:
And's onely that which *ever since* has made
Our *Charity* so *cold*, and th' *world* so *bad*.
If then *Divines* wou'd mend it, let them *Preach*
'Gainst *small-Beer* onely, and no *Doctrine* Teach
But *drinking Wine*, and then we soon thou'd see
All in *Religion* easily wou'd *agree*.
This were a *Doctrine* worthy of their *heat*,
And furious *beating th' Pulpit* till they sweat,
And wou'd do *far more good* i'th' Pulpit too,
Than all their *endlest Controversies* do.

The

The PATRONS Lives.

To the Lord *Mart*.

MY *Noble Lord*, if you wou'd tell
How to *live*, and to *live well*,
Please you but *attention* give,
I'le tell you how the *Patrons* live.
First of all, they neither care
Nor for *Clock*, nor *Kalendar*:
Next, they ne're desire to know
How affairs o'th' *world* do go.
Above all, they ne're resort
To the busie *Hall* or *Court*,
Where poor *men* do nothing else
But *trouble others* and *themselves*.
All the *business* they look after,
Onely is their *sport* and *laughter*,
With a *Friend* and *chearful cup*
Merrily to *Dine* and *Sup*:
Hear good *Musique*, see a *Play*:
Thus they pass the time away
With so great an *Innocency*,
And so free from all *offence*,
When they go to bed at night
Their sleeps are ne're molested by't.
If you like our living *thus*,
Come, *my Lord*, and live with us.

On

On a Hector beaten, &c.

STill to be *dragg'd*! Still to be *beaten* thus!
Hector, I fear thy name is *Ominous*;
And thou for *fighting* did'st but ill provide,
To take thy *name* thus, from the *heaven* side:
To have the *Watch*, like band of *Myrmidons*,
Beat thee with *Halberts* down, and *break* thy bones!
And every *petty Constable* thou meets,
Achilles-like, to *dragg* thee through the streets!
Poor *Hector*! when thou art beaten *blind* and *lame*,
I hope thou'lt learn to take *another name*.

On a Famous Doctor,

WHo so *Famous* was of late,
He was with Finger *pointed* at.
What cannot *learning* do, and *single State*?
Being Married, he so Famous grew,
As he was *pointed* at with *two*.
What cannot *learning* and a *wife* now do?

Posthume EPIGRAMS.

In memory of *CHARLES* Lord *Gerard of Bromley*.

WHo alive so far had been,
He almost every Land had seen;
And almost every thing did know,
A man cou'd in this world *below*.
At last his knowledge to improve,
Is gone unto the World *above*.
Where his knowledge is so much,
And his happiness is such;
'T wou'd *envy*, and not *sorrow* seem
In those too much shou'd grieve for him.

Of Col. *William Evers*, Slayn in the Battle of *Marston moor*.

EVen such a *person*, such a *mind* as thine,
Brave *Evers*, Emperours had in *Ancient time*,
When choosing men for *Empire* only fit,
The bravest *minde* and *person* carryed it.
And thou well shewd'st it by thy dying so,
No *Emperour* e'r cou'd bravelyer dye than thou.

Of *ANNE PACKINGTON*, Lady *AUDLEY*.

STay *Reader*, and if ever thou wilt hear
A *story* worthy thy *attentive Ear*;
Know, here lyes *Buryed* in this *Sepulcher*
One who had all those *excellent qualities*,
A Mortal creature cou'd *Immortalize*,
Of *Vertuous*, *Noble*, *Beautiful*, and *Wise*,
Who after all *degrees* sha'd past, of *Wife*,
Mother, and *Mayd*, and left them all at *strife*
Which state she most had honoured in her *life*,
At last, (*too worthy* of this world *below*.)
She *dyed*, and to a *higher World* did go,
To honour there the state of *Angels* too.

Of *Henry Petre*, Son to the Lord *William Petre*.

THough, noble *Petre*, thou long since didst dye,
Thou still dost live yet in my Memory;
To shew the *bitt* of *friendship* I will tell
Was tyed so *fast*, as *death* cou'd ne'r undo.

On the BARBADOES.

HOw rich *Barbadoes* is in other things,
We well may see by th' *wealthy trade* it brings:
How rich it is in *men*, we well may see,
By bringing forth such *brave Brave* such men as *thee*.

A question on a Ladies letting Blood.

2. OF this *just mixture* and *equality*
Of *Water* and *Blood*, what show'd the *reason*
Resp. The Reason's clear; forced to part with her,
Each *drop of Blood* for grief did *shed a Tear*.

Of Neglects.

LEt it not trouble thee, if any wou'd
Put a *Neglect* upon thee if they cou'd.
But mind it not, and thy *Neglects* will be
More *great* of them, then their's can be of thee.

In Avaros.

WHo *vainly* spends his *life* in getting *Wealth*,
And to encrease his *Store*, consumes *himself*,
May well may to that *foolish Sot* compare,
Who sold his *Horse*, to buy him *provender*.

The Anagram.

EVery one may see by *this*,
How worthy *Lawrel Walter* is!
When look but on his *Anagram*,
You find it in his very *Name*.

On Simple.

Simple made *much ado*, and much *offence*,
He took, at saying *he scarce had common sence*;
Till saying *he had*, and *very common too*,
Simple was *pleas'd*, and made no more ado.

On Madam *Virago*.

OF *Madam* it may well be said
That *Madam's* head *has little Wit*;
Since *Madam's Husband* is her *head*,
And *Madam* makes a *fool* of it.

On his praising of Many.

Many praise, and what th'are praised for
I'm sure is true: I'll answer for no more.

On Friends and Foes.

TWo Painters, *Friend* and *Foe*, once went about
To Paint *Antigones*, whose one Eye was out:
T' one at *half-face*, his Friend's deceit to *hide*,
Set onely forth to *sight* his *better side*;
T' other o'th' *contrary*, did paint him *full*,
He onely set his *blinde side* out to *shew*.
So between *Friends* and *Foes* men are expreſt
By *halfs ſet forth* whil'ſt they *conceal the reſt*.
None as their *Friends* and *Foes* depaint them would,
Being ever half *ſo bad*, or half *ſo good*.

To a Friend, Recommending a Memorial to him, *Anno* 52.

I Muſt *beg* of you *Sir*, nay! what is more,
'Tis a *diſeaſe* ſo *Infectious* to be *poor*,
Muſt *beg* you'd *beg for me*, which whilſt I do,
What is't, but even to make you *beggar* too?
But *poverty* being as *honourable* now
As 'twas when *Cincinnatus* held the *Plow*,
Senators Sons'd, and *Reap'd*; and who had bin
In Car of *Tryumph*, fetcht the *Harveſt* in,
Whil'ſt *mighty Peers* do *want*, nay! what is worſe,
Even *greateſt Princes* live on *others Purſe*;
And very *Kings* themſelves are *beggers* made,
No *ſhame* for any, *Sir*, to be o'th' Trade.

To

To an Enemy.

WHen ere thou seest me take *delight*
In any thing, thou *burst* with *spight*;
And so thou dost at every thing
That does me *good* and *profit* bring.
Thou *bursts* with *spight*, to see that I
Am *still* in *noble Company*,
And *honour* I receive from *them*
Make thee to *burst* with *spight* again.
If then my *honour*, my *delight*
And *profit* makes thee *burst* with *spight*,
I pray thee *burst* with *spight* indeed.

In *Pravos Amicos*.

IF, as they say, *Courts* are like *Heaven*, and *Kings*
Like *Gods*, sure *Courtiers* shou'd be *holy things*
Like *Angels*: from *which state* when once they *fall*,
As *Devils* did, *the Devil take them all*.

On

On an Epicure.

AN *Epicure* is one of those
No God besides his *Belly* knows;
And who besides his *Bill of Fare*,
Does for no other *Scripture* care:
Who for his *Palat* and his *Gust*
Has quite forgot all other *Lust*:
And hugs a *Bottle* as he wou'd
A *Mistress*, when the *Wine's good*:
Who layes about him like a *Gyant*,
When a meets a morsel *Fryant*;
And so long has cram'd his *Gut*,
He's nothing else from *Head to Foot*.
When you *such a one* do meet
Or in *Tavern*, or in *Street*;
By his *Bulk* you may be sure
Such a one's an *Epicure*.

On Dame *Tannakin*, in Burlesque verse.

TO tell you what Dame *Tannakin* was
For [illegible] both of *person* [illegible] *face*;
Her *face* [illegible]
It goes [illegible]
And *person* [illegible] with [illegible]
In *Women* [illegible] as in *Cattle* [illegible]
In *plainer* Terms, without [illegible] the matter;
She had a *face* as broad as a *Platter*,
And *person* such, to see't you'd fancy
'T were some *Dutch Tugg* come from beyond [illegible]
Which made her look like a *Sword* or a [illegible]
And as unweildy as *Ursula* the *Pigwife*.
As for the qualities of her *Interior*,
Which to the *rest* were nothing inferior;
She *car'd* for *none*, and 'twas less to be *pitied*,
Since *none car'd* for her, and so they were *filled*;
And was such a *Scrat* at making a *bargain*,
As she wou'd *wrangle* and *scold* for a *Farthing*.

As all her [illegible] was in doing of Evil.
From whom Good Heaven deliver Great Britany,
And so I make an end of my *Lytany*.

To a Lady newly Married.

To his Horse at grass in C. Park.

AFter my hearty Commendations,
Hoping thou hast not *Botts* nor *Fashions*,
But art in *good health*, and as pleasant
As I'm at writing of this *present*;
I having like a careful *Master*
Left thee i'th' *Country* there at *Pasture*,
And well considering the *danger*
Of one like *thee* who's but a *stranger*,
Send thee these few *Instructions* down
How th'art to *live* whilst I'm in *Town*.
First then, if *Serving-man* or *Groom*
To *take thee up*, does flattering come,
With *Bridle in hand* and *Oats in Sieve*,
Run from 'm fast as thou canst drive.
For if they *once* but get thy *Nose*,
Imployment thou shalt *never* want:
Grey Fleecnoe here, *Grey Fleecnoe* there,
Grey Fleecnoe must go every where,
Till thou of every one does *loath* thee
Become at last the *Common Hackney*.
Next, I need not bid thee *fly*
All such *wild* Rambling company
May lead thee over *Hedge* and *Ditches*,
As if they'd *Bryars* in their *Britches*,
Till for their *Penance* they be found
Half *starv'd* at last in *Country-Pound*.

Nor

Nor need I bid thee to be beware
Of playing *Horse-tricks* there with *Mare*,
Since being *Marr'd* by Squire *Sow-guelder*
For ever getting *Hans in Kelder*,
I imagine there's no great danger
Thou shou'dst or *Stallion* prove or *Ranger*.
As for the *rest*, I know my *Lady*
Will take all *care* of thee as may be,
And thou perchance at last be made
A Horse of *quality* and *parade*.
And so I leave thee to thy *Pasture*,
And remain

Thy Loving *Master*,
R. F.

POSTSCRIPT.

To the Lady of the place.

NOw *Madam*, since my *Horse* can't *read*,
Be pleas'd to do it in his *stead*;
And so Interpret this my *Letter*,
As he may *understand* it better.

Of your Fanaticks or Cross-haters.

Who will not be *Baptiz'd*, onely because
In *Baptism* they make the signe o'th' *Cross*,
And hates all *Christendom* in such a manner,
Onely because they bear that *signe* for *Banner*.
Who with the *Cross* makes as unchristian work
Where ere he comes, to *Pagan*, *Jew*, or *Turk*:
And on his *way*, does flye a *Cross-stile* so,
He'll rather chuse a *Mile about* to go:
Who seeing how every one in *Swimming* does
Stretch forth their *limbs* & make the signe o'th' *Cross*,
Were he to *Swim*, rather than make (I think)
The *signe o'th' Cross*, he'd sooner chuse to *sink*:
To show, in fine, how well the *Devil* and *he*
In hating of the *signe o'th' Cross* agree.

Of their burning the POPE.

WHat *rumour*'s this o'th' *burning of the Pope*?
They do not take this *wisp* for him, *I hope*,
Or *man of stram* whom they have thus dress't up
With *Triple Crown*, as if he were the *Pope*?
He sits at *Rome*, and cares not what they do,
Though they should burn all th' *signes* o'th' *Popes head*,
Though *other Princes* wonder they shou'd dare
Do this to those who *Soveraigne Princes* are:
For *shame* then cease your mad *Phanatick sport*,
By which *your selves*, and not the *Pope* you hurt,
And do not make *your selves* and *Nation* thus
To him and all the world *ridiculous*;
As I have seen some *mad Dogs* bite a stone,
To be *reveng'd* on him by whom 't was *thrown*,
Whil'st *unconcern'd*, he *smiling stands*, and *sees*
How they in vain do *spoil* and *break* their *teeth*.
It't be to make the *Papists* odious by't,
That all your *Squibs* and *Bonefires* are to night,
There's none but knows they might as well *remember*
Your *January*, as you do their *November*.

Of

Of Modern EPIGRAMS.

HOw strangely *Wit's refin'd* from what it was,
When *empty words* for Epigrams might pass!
But now they must have *substance* in'em too,
Or else the Tinckling sound will *hardly do*.
Then when they heard a *Clench* or *Quible* spoke,
They'd *claw* you for't, as if some *Jest* were broke.
Now when they hear but any *such Toyes* sed,
The *Wits* are ready strait to *break your head*,
Who just as *Chymists* when they *Spirits* make
Of matter which they from gross Bodies take.
So never leave a *Lembecking* of *Wit*,
Till they *extract* th' Elixar out of it:
So goes the *world*, nor must we think it strange,
The fashion of our *Wits* withoime shou'd change.
'Tis so we see with *fashion* of our *Clothes*,
And why not of our *Wits* as well as *those*?

Of WITS.

WIts like *Hawkes* are for their *sport*:
Some are *long wing'd*, some are *short*:
The *first* do flye so *high* a *flight*,
They often *soar* quite *out of sight*;
The *second*, far the fitter for ye,
Keep 'um close unto the *Quarry*
Nor *too low*, nor yet *too high*:
Of this *latter sort* am I.

The end of the Third Book.

L'ENVOYE.

I Shou'd never make an end of these *Epigrammes*, which are a *flowing Amor* by the continual *accession* of *new parts*, and *revolution* of the *old*, you may go twice in *two*, and not twice into the *same* again. But I not considered that I am now arrived to sick an *Age*, when it Imports more to seek to make a *good end* of my *Life*, than of my *Book*: Wherefore I give it over, with this *Resolution*, to *retire*, for greater *quietness* into some *Solitude*, where when I *dye*, I desire to be onely *remembred* by this *Epitaph*.

RICHARDUS FLECKNOE.

A vita fide vixit & mortuus est.

FINIS.

Divine and *Moral*

EPIGRAMS,

DEDICATED

TO HER MAJESTY,

CATHERINE

OF

PORTUGAL,

Queen of

Great Britain, &c.

MADAM,

As never any ſtranger was more obliged than I, unto the King *Your Majeſties Father; ſo never any had greater deſire than I, to make acknowledgment of it to Your Majeſty: But living in* obſcurity, *retired from the* Light of Court, *and making no* Figure *there, I imagined it would have no Grace for ſuch a* Shaddow *and* Cypher *as I, to preſent my ſelf unto Your Majeſty; and other preſents I had none, but onely ſuch as this, which by its Littleneſs, ſhews the Greatneſs of my deſire to declare my ſelf,*

Madam,

Your Majeſties

In all Humility

and Devotions

Rich. Flecknoe.

To Her Majesty.
Of the Dignity and Efficacy of Prayer.

AS by the *Sun* we set our *Dials*, so,
Madam, we set our *Pieties* by You; (be,
Without whose *light*, we show'd in darkness
And nothing truly good, nor vertuous see.
You in the *Temple* so assidual are,
Your whole life seems but one contrived Pray'r,
And every place an *Oratory* you make,
When from the *Temple* Y'are returned back.
Like vapors *Prayers* ascend, and *Heaven* in Rain
Of Blessings, show'rs them down on us again;
And if *Heaven* suffers violence, from whence,
But onely *Pray'r*, proceeds this violence?
O mighty *Pray'r* that canst such wonders do,
To force both *Heaven*, and the *Almighty* too!
Fools were those *Giants* then, since, if instead
Of heaping *Hills* on *Hills*, as once they did,
They had but heapt up *Pray'rs* on *Pray'rs* as fast,
They might have eas'ly conquer'd *Heaven* at last.

On the Birth of our B. S.

After the *glory* given to *God* on high,
Upon this day at his Nativity;
If any one be curious to know,
What *peace* it was, was given to Men below.
That *peace of God*, infallibly it was,
All mortal understanding does surpass;
Onely the *low* and *humble* do obtain,
Whilst by the *proud* and *high*, 'tis sought in vain.
Seek then to know no farther, but be wise,
This is the *Mystery* of *Mysteries*
After which, none that any Reason hath
Can doubt of any Mystery of Faith;
That *God*'s a *Man*, and's *Mother Virgin* is,
What can be more miraculous than this?

On the Magiis *following the Star.*

Other *Astrologers* of opinion were,
That all the *World* was lesser than a *Star*;
But these, it seems, believed it alone,
Who strait left all the *World*, to follow one.

On the Circumciſion of our B. S.

HOw ſoon, *O Lord*, to day didſt thou begin,
To ſhed thy *precious Blood*, when firſt was ſeen
Spring forth the *Fountain* of that *precious Blood*,
Which in thy *Paſſion*, ended in a *Floud*?

On the Death and Paſſion of our B. S.

O *Bleſſed Lord!* And wou'dſt thou die
For ſuch a wretched worm as I!
This of thy love's ſo great a proof,
Angels can ne'er admire enough;
And all the *love* by far tranſcends
Of Parents, and of deareſt Friends.
To have ſuch a benefit beſtow'd,
Wou'd undo any, but a *God*;
And *Love* it ſelf, make *Bankrupt* too,
By leaving't nothing more to do.
Had any *King* done this for me,
What wondring at it, wou'd there be!
And wondring at it, now there's none,
When by a *God* himſelf 'tis done.
Strange blindneſs! Man ſhou'd more eſteem
A benefit beſtow'd on him,
By *Earthly Kings*, than what is given
Unto him, by the King of *Heaven*!

Of Easter *and* Christmass.

OF *Easter*, a great word was said,
This is the day the Lord has made.
Of *Christmass*, yet a greater word,
This is the day that made the Lord.

On these words of our B. S.

O Woman, great is thy Faith!

O *Lord*, when shall our Faiths be praised thus,
And we deserve t'have these words said of us?
Others count all things possible to thee,
We nothing possible, but what we see.
They more to *Faith*, than *Sence* do credit give,
We more our *Sences*, than our *Faith* believe:
They believe all, we but believe by halfs,
Their *Faiths* are *Giants*, ours but onely *Dwarfs*.

On these words of our B. S.

Be perfect, &c.

YOu bid us to be perfect *Lord*, and we
Continue still imperfect as we be.
What shou'd we say, *O Lord*, but onely this,
Give what you bid, and bid us what you please.

On

On these words of our B. S.

I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

THou art the *way*, the *Truth*, and *Life*, thou (sayst;
As well thou may'st.
What Fool is he then wou'd forsake the *way*,
And go astray?
What fool is he who wou'd the *Truth* refuse,
And falshood chuse?
But above all, what fool and Madman's he,
Wou'd forsake thee?
The onely *Eternal Life*, and chuse to die
Eternally?

On these words of the Apostle.

Nihil ex me possum facere, & omnia possum meo qui me confortat.

HAppy are those who dobbly armed are,
Against *presumption*, and against *despair*;
By the *Apostles* words, who first does say that *Men*
Without *Gods* help of himself nothing can.
And next, that he can all things do agen,
By *Gods* assistance, and his helping him.

The saying of a certain Holy Man.

MY *God* and I, can all things do said one,
And if it seems too great presumption,
To name himself with *God*, 'tis without doubt
Greater, for *Man* to name himself *without*.

On our B. S. *curing the Leper.*

O *Lord*, thou know'st how most infirm I am,
Blind unto *Truth*, and unto *Vertue* lame.
O therefore thou who makes the *Blind* to see,
And *Lame* to go; help my infirmity.
I know, *O Lord*, thou onely needst to say,
Be cur'd, as thou to th' *Leper*, didst to day;
And thou dost know, so great's my misery,
As I've a fouler *Leprosie* than he;
For mine's not onely in the outward skin,
But in the very *heart* and mind within.
And does not onely make the Body foul,
But even infects, and taints the very soul.
Thou then who onely miracles canst do,
O Lord, as thou *cur'dst* him, so *cure* me too.

On the Picture of a Weeping Magdalen.

Art as well as *Nature*, cou'd
Have made a *ſpeaking* if it wou'd,
As well as *weeping Magdalen*;
But that it is the nobler way
In thoſe who truly love, they ſay,
To ſuffer, and never to complain.

On the rooting out of Vice.

Vice is in Man, as *Weeds* in *Gardens* are,
Which leſs we daily take eſpecial care
To root up as they grow, do ſprout faſt,
We ſhould be quite o'ergrown with them at laſt.
More ſhame for us, that every *Gard'ner* then,
Shou'd take more care to keep his *Garden* clean;
Than we our ſelves, and with a hand more nice
Purge it from *Weeds*, than we our ſelves from *Vice.*

The Harm of Procraſtination.

THey ſay, *Repentance never comes too late,*
But let not *ſinners* be deceiv'd with that.
How many *ſinners*, have unto their ſorrow,
Loſt *Heaven*, by putting't off, until to morrow:
And *Hell* is full of thoſe who ſinning cry'd,
To *morrow* ſtill, till unawars they dyed.
Don't then thoſe *Croaking-Ravens* imitate,
Who cry *Cras, Cras*, until it be too late;
But leaving of this damned cry, lets ſay,
To *morrow* is too late, begin to *day*.

On the hearing of the Word *of* God.

IF onely thoſe as *Scripture* makes it clear,
Who have the Spirit of God, Gods Word will (hear,
We well may doubt what ſpirit makes abode,
In thoſe who will not hear the Word of God.
Since long Diſcourſes they'll not hearken to,
I make theſe ſhort, to ſee what that will do.

On

On Sin.

WHo would but think, when th'are about to (ſin,
O'th' pains that *ſinners* for't, in *Hell* are in:
They'd ſooner chuſe to burn i'th' *Fire* w'have here
A thouſand times, than in the *Fire* th'ave there.
This, if thou do'ſt believe, I ſee not how
Thou canſt a *ſinner* be, and if that thou
Doſt not believe it, then I do not ſee,
How thou canſt poſſibly a *Chriſtian* be.

On the ſame.

THou fearſt the ſight of *Men*, when thou doſt (ill,
Why not the ſight of *God*, who ſees thee ſtill?

Of Death.

Death like a Theif will come i'th'night, they (ſay,
And unawares will ſteal our lives away.
'T imports us then to ſtand upon our guard,
For fear it come and take us unprepar'd:
And ſince it waits for's every where, 'tis fit
We likewiſe every where ſhou'd wait for it.

On the ſame.

HAppy was he, who every night did go
To *Bed*, as 'twere unto his *Grave*, and ſo
Got ſuch a habit oft at laſt, he did
Go to his *Grave*, but as he went to *Bed*.

Of Judgment.

Death terribleſt of terribleſt they call,
But hear behold the terribleſt of all;
For none fear *Death*, but thoſe who *Judgment* fear,
Without which, t'other but a *paſtime* were.
Life's but a priſon, we the pris'ners are,
And *Death*, the Jaylor, brings us to the *Bar*,
Where *God*, the Righteous Judge, to Judgment (comes,
And gives to every one their ſeveral dooms.
Happy the whilſt, who in that dreadful day,
With good *Hylarion* may ſecurely ſay,
Go forth my Soul, this many, and many year,
Th'haſt ſerv'd the Lord thy God, why doſt thou fear?
The *good* and *vertuous* wiſh for death; the *bad*,
And *vicious* onely are of death afraid.

The

The Pleaſure of doing Good.

DO *good* with *pain*, this pleaſure in't you find,
the *pain*'s ſoon paſt, the *good* remains behind.
Do *ill* with *pleaſure*, this y'have for your pains,
The *pleaſure* ſoon is paſt, the *ill* remains.

On a Ladies Beauty ſuddenly decayed.

O Heavens! Is this that face that yeſterday
We ſo admir'd for *Beauty*, and to day
'S ſo chang'd, we can't perceive in all her *face*,
Leaſt ſign that ever any *Beauty* was?
If this the end of *Mortal Beauty* be,
O thou *Immortal*, rather unto thee,
That ever laſts, and never can decay;
Let me my Vows, and my Devotions pay,
Than ſuch frail *Idols*, which while we adore
To *day* are here, to *morrow* are no more.

How to bear Neglects.

LEt it not trouble thee, if any wou'd,
Put a neglect upon thee, if they cou'd;
But mind it not, and thy neglect will be
More great of them, than theirs can be of thee.

Of a Happy Life.

WHo e'er wou'd live a *happy life*, indeed,
And wholly be from care & trouble freed,
Muſt firſt ſtand well with *God*, and then with *Man*,
Muſt have as little buſineſs as he can;
Muſt care for nothing that he cannot have,
And nothing others can deprive him of:
Muſt all his Paſſions in ſubjection bring,
And o'er himſelf, at leaſt, muſt be a *King*;
Muſt nothing do, his Conſcience may offend,
But every day muſt think upon his end,
Until, at laſt, h'has ſuch a habit got,
T' expect *Death* every hour, but fear it not.

On the ſame out of Ronſard.

CE luy n'eſt pas heureux qu'on monſtre par la Rue,
Que le peuple cognoit, que le peuple ſalue,
Mais heureux eſt celuy que la gloire n'eſpoint,
Que ne cognoit perſonne & qu'on ne cognoit point.

The ſame in Engliſh.

HE is not haypy they point at i'th' ſtreets,
Whom the people does know, and ſalutes (when it meets:
But happy is he who Ambition has none,
Nor others to know, nor by others be known.

Of

Of GOD.

IN vain we seek to know what *God* is since,
He's a vast *Circle*, whose *Circumference*
Is no where, and his *Center* every where;
Where e'er we seek him then, we find him there;
But what he is, he were not *God*, if he
By Humane *thought* cou'd comprehended be.
Go seek the *Heavens* above, th' *Abyss* below,
And World about, and all these we may know,
But *God*, who not beginning has, nor end,
How can we know? how can we comprehend?
Well then did that Philosopher of old,
Who did the Ebb and Flow o'th' Sea behold;
And restlesly did seek to comprehend
The reason of it, thus cry out i'th' end.
Since I can't comprehend thee, thou at least
Comprehend me; and I shall be at rest.

On a Fair and Vertuous Lady.

TO your fair Sex, y'are best example still
Of following *Vertue*, and declining ill,
Who never stir a foot upon the way,
Without first asking, *What will people say?*
Teaching th'unwary, if they walk not clean,
The fault's not in the *world*, so much as them,

Whilst

Whilſt you as pure, and as unblemiſh'd go,
As *Stars* in Heaven, or *Ermins* on the Snow;
By which great circumſpection, this y'ave got
To ſilence rumor, and ſtop ſlanders throat,
That's always barking after thoſe who do,
Not walk with ſuch great warineſs as you.
Continue then the Ornament and Grace,
You, and your *Siſter* of your noble Race;
You for a matchleſs *Virgin*, ſhe a *Wife*,
The great examples of a *Vertuous Life*.

Of Charity.

O *Charity!* Thou eldeſt Child of Heaven,
To whom th'Inheritance is chiefly given,
Whilſt other Vertues have no part nor ſhare,
But onely as to thee, they ſervants are.
T'one bears the *Light* before thee, t'other waits
Againſt thou com'ſt to open thee the Gates.
Even *Pray'r* without thee, nothing can obtain,
And whoſoever hopes, does hope in vain:
Nay, *Faith* it ſelf, unleſs thou ſets it forth,
Is but a bootleſs thing, and nothing worth.
Thou at the latter day, when all the World
Into the flaming *Furnace* ſhall be hurl'd,
As the *Refiner* ſeveral *Mettles* does,
To try out which is *pure*, and which is *droſs*
Shalt juſt like *Gold*, that's in the Furnace try'd,
Come out from thence, more bright and purifi'd;

Whilſt

Whilſt all the reſt ſhall periſh and expire,
In ſmothering ſmoak, and in conſuming fire.

On a Noble Ladies embracing a Religious Life, Eclogue-wiſe.

A Gentle Shepherdeſs, as e'er did tread
Upon the Plains, whereon her Flocks were fed;
Inſpir'd by him, who all good thoughts inſpires,
Felt in her Breſt, till then unfelt deſires
To taſte Heavens pleaſures, ſeeing Earth had none,
A Soul in longing, long cou'd feed upon;
But changing one, a weary of the firſt,
She found the latter *pleaſure* always worſt.
And ſo went ſtill deluded in her mind,
Seeking for that which ſhe cou'd never find.
This *tender thought* with pious care ſhe fed,
And with Religious Education bred,
Giving it now an *Aſpiration*,
After that *Bleſſed Life* to *feed* upon;
And now a Sigh, and now a Tear agen,
For Sorrow ſhe ne'er knew it until then,
Avoiding carefully thoſe *Rocks* and *Shelves*,
On which ſo many Souls had wrack'd themſelves.
Thoſe two extreams, on which ſo many fall
To undertake too much, or nought at all:
For 'tis with new-born Children of deſire,
As 'tis with *ſparks* you kindle unto fire,

Starv'd with too little Fewel, 'twill not light,
Oppreſt with too much, 'tis extinguiſh'd quite:
And now ſhe's all a fire, happineſs be,
Fair Virgin to thy beſt deſires and thee.
So *great*, ſo *high*, ſo *full* a happineſs,
As nothing can be more, that is not leſs;
Nothing beyond, but down the Hill again,
And all addition, rather loſs than gain.
By glad experience, maiſt thou find all ſtore
Of hearts contentment, thou expects and more;
And learn that *Magick of Religion* there,
Makes every thing quite contrary appear,
To *you*, than unto *us*, *Rich Poverty*,
Triumphant Sufferance; *Brave Humility*,
Soft Hardneſs, greater difficulties ſlight,
Sweet Bitterneſs, and heavieſt *Burthens Light*;
Eaſe in your Labor, *Pleaſure in your Pain*,
A Heaven on Earth, and all things elſe but vain.

On a Dim Sight.

HE who in former times cou'd never brook,
On any thing but what was *great* to look:
His *Eyes grown Dim*, this by't, at leaſt, does get,
He nothing now can ſee, but what is *great*.
This makes him ever ſince his eyes were dim,
Think all this *World*, a little darkſome thing;
And often unto Heaven caſt up his ſight,
In ſearch of greater things, and greater light:

This

This makes him too juſt like a *Seeled Dove*,
More capable of ſeeing things above.
And he more fit for Contemplation, is
Of t'other World, the leſs he ſees of this.
Let who's liſt then, complain of want of ſight,
So great a benefit h'has gotten by't;
As rightly weigh'd, and rightly underſtood,
He wou'd not now ſee clearer though he cou'd.

The Reſolution.

I Who in former times obſerv'd have been,
Never to talk, but of ſome *King* or *Queen*;
Nor in diſcourſe ever t'have mention made,
But of what ſuch a *Duke* or *Dutcheſs* ſaid;
The whilſt my chiefeſt ſtudy was to know,
The beſt and nobleſt of this World below:
Am now reſolv'd to ſtudy in ſome Cell,
Thoſe of the other World to know as well.
That whilſt I'm known enough to thoſe are here,
I may not die unknown to thoſe are there;
And may before I die, ſo happy be,
To leave the World, before the World leave me.
In which reſolves, we juſt like Mothers are,
Who feel ſome pain, the whilſt they children bear;
But all the pain they felt, at laſt does turn
To *joy* and *gladneſs*, when the Child is born.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Pag. 16. *Line* 4. *Read* convertit *for* convers't:
Pag. 36. *l.* 7. *read* preſence *for* company.
Pag. 48. *ult.* *read* ſelf *for* mask.

Page 17. *lines the two laſt.*

And leave them darkly ſhadow'd, and hid
Under thoſe Heads as t'other Painted did.